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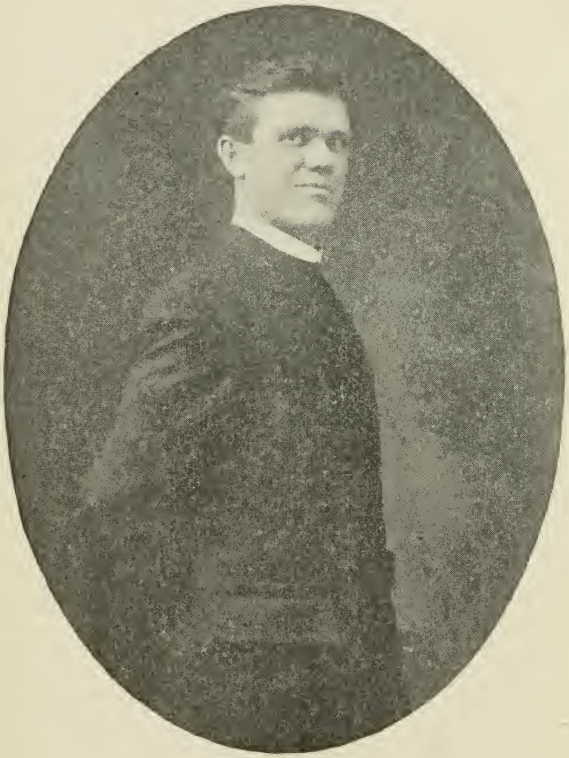

DUKE DAVIS

# FLASHLIGHTS FROM MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN

By DUKE DAVIS

....PUBLISHED BY....
THE PENTECOSTAL UNION
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BOUND BROOK, N. J.
1911

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# INTRODUCTION

A few years ago the writer and some co-workers conducted revival services in Montana. Among those who were converted was Duke Davis, the author of this book, who is a nephew of Mrs. Alma White and myself. He afterwards came to the Bible School to prepare for the ministry, and has labored faithfully toward the spread of the Gospel. His familiarity with Western cowboy life, together with a facile pen and the illumination of the Spirit have enabled him to write a volume that will doubtless afford pleasure and profit to thousands. His descriptions of the bucking bronco, the herds of cattle, the "round up," the "stampede," and the cowboy himself with his spurs, "chaps" and inseparable lariat, are full of interest.

The book reveals the author's fondness for outdoor life. He enjoyed the liberty of the birds, the sparkle of the mountain streams, the beauty of the open sky with the brightness of noon, the hues of sunset and the serenity of the stars. In addition he has the feelings and instincts of a cowboy and doubtless would

have spent his life on the plains had not the Lord thrown about him the lasso of Divine grace and commissioned him to preach the Gospel.

The book is deeply spiritual. Though not of a doctrinal character it is both safe and sane. The author has an observing eye and finds "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," and God everywhere. Through these pages there flows a spring of living water; the Christian will be refreshed by it and the sinner may stoop down and drink and live. We trust the book may have a wide circulation and that the Lord will greatly use it to promote his cause and kingdom.

C. W. Bridwell.

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# WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

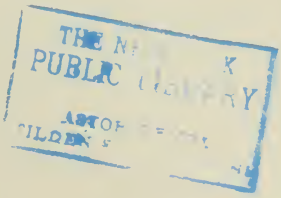
QUIETLY NESTLED at the foot of a range of hills skirting the Ohio River lies the little town of V——, Ky. In the early summer time the heavy green foliage on the hills, dotted here and there with dogwood blossoms of white, furnishes a picturesque background when viewed from a passing boat or from the opposite bank of the river. During the hot, sultry days of summer, little of interest happens to break the quietude of the inhabitants. Perhaps the passing of a squeaky old wagon loaded with lumber, tan bark or hoop-poles from the country district, and drawn by a yoke of oxen, or it may be the whistle of an incoming train occasionally breaks the monotony of those who lazily recline in front of their places of business.

Just a block from the business center, and separated from the county courthouse premises by a narrow street, is one of the chief livery barns of the city. A large tree with wide extended branches, growing near the

curbing, and just a little to the left of the entrance furnishes abundant shade for the not too busy proprietor and his assistants, as well as for some half dozen other idlers who have sought a retreat from the burning rays of the sun.

The wooden benches and rudely constructed chairs, by their markings, show too plainly that the penknife had had little mercy upon them. Little piles of shavings from pieces of white pine or sweet-smelling cedar wood lie here and there upon the ground, all betokening the chief occupation of those who gathered there from day to day to pass away the time.

Two barefoot boys, some ten or eleven years old, having grown tired of their play down by the river, chance along on their way home. They were boon companions and were seldom separated long at a time. During the school session they attended the same school and occupied a seat together. They engaged in the same games side by side; they fished together and swam together and were growing up as friendly as friends could be. But to-day the tie was to be broken. They, too, welcoming a cool place, take a seat side by side on the curbstone, and instinctively their knives were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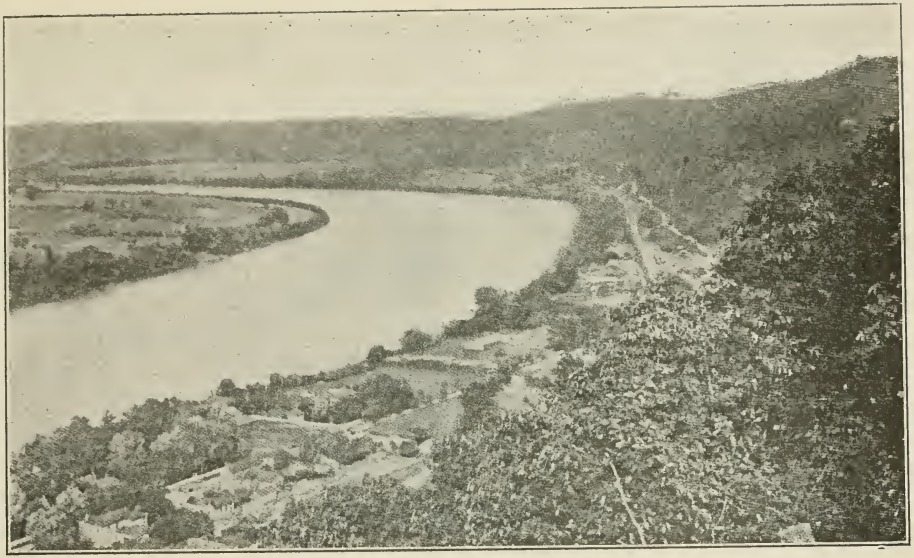


BEND IN THE OHIO RIVER NEAR VANCEBURG, KY.

brought from their pockets. Finding them somewhat dull, they proceeded to sharpen them. Presently they engage in some childish dispute, which under favorable environments, would have passed away immediately. But not so here. Just such a place would Satan choose to do something out of the ordinary—in the midst of men sitting around smoking, chewing and swearing. Most wicked men like to see boys fight, and these were no exception. The boys, though at first not sufficiently provoked at each other to strike, are urged on until they are striking at each other with their knives, yet in their own hearts it was in a playful way, neither thinking that the other was angry. Nevertheless, one of them becomes suddenly infuriated, and his long, keen knife blade finds its way into a vital spot of him who but a moment before was his chum. The wounded boy is taken to the doctor's office, and after examination, little hope is given for his recovery. However, the wound is dressed and he is carried home and placed upon a bed. The pious old preacher, with his Bible, comes and reads and prays, and with an uncertain look upon his face, goes away again. The neighbors come in and walk softly about the room and in muffled tones discuss the case. The doctor makes his

regular visits, and after a course of time the danger point is safely passed and hopes of complete restoration are entertained, yet the patient lay for weeks in the summer's heat scarcely able to move.

Giving due credit to the attending physician and careful nursing, we dare say, owing to the nature of the wound, that death might have resulted had not that Great Physician, that unseen visitor at every bedside of the sick, been present and mightily manifested His power and love.

To return to the place where this deed was perpetrated, let us imagine how easily it might have been avoided had any of the adults present administered a word of rebuke or admonition instead of urging the boys to fight. There is a great reward awaiting peacemakers, but they who delight in stirring up strife and contention among others are sure of awful retribution.

Let us see what time has wrought in this case, so far as is possible at least. One of the young men present who most delighted in a fight, was afterward seized with a dread disease and after suffering for months, passed out of this life, leaving behind him no evidence of a victorious death. The boy who used the

knife became a saloon keeper when grown up. Others who were present continued to chew and smoke and whittle away their lives and have departed this life having accomplished nothing of worth. Still others traveled the same old beaten paths for years and probably never yielded to the entreaties of the Holy Spirit.

But was there no peacemaker in evidence on this occasion? A young man serving the county as clerk, just at the opportune moment, emerges from his place of duty. Taking in the situation at a glance, he puts a stop to what might have ended more seriously. Many years passed and he remained at his position of honor.

The boy who received the wound, having little restraint placed upon him, lived the way of the world until manhood was reached. He went West and for a number or years mingled with the hardened men of the plains, but the mighty hand of God, no doubt laid upon him through the prayers of a mother who parted this life when he was but five years of age, still pressed upon him and delivered him from dangerous places. Yet how easily those prayers might have been hindered by his persistently pursuing a course opposite to the will

of God. He gave his heart to God and is now a servant of high heaven to publish the salvation of peace to a dying world.

The above incident might have been avoided by a timely admonition, then again suffering and death might have ensued were it not that the God of mercy is deeply interested in the affairs of men on earth.

# PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

OUR READERS who have never come in close touch with life in the far West no doubt have their opinions and ideas, based on what they have read and heard, as to the character of cowboys and their manner of living. It is likely that you have set them down as a class of rough young men, given wholly to revelry and wickedness and void of true gentlemanly qualities and Christian principles. It is true that in frontier days many wicked deeds were perpetrated by some of these men of the range. Their drunken sprees and unexpected rides through towns shooting right and left, causing a general stampede of the inhabitants, is a matter of history. But aside from these undesirable traits and waves of reckless enthusiasm, and under their rough exterior, many of them were found with hearts true and loyal to their fellowmen and full of sympathy for the weak and helpless.

It is the demon of drink that makes men cruel and unreasonable in their demeanor. We have known cowboys, who, when sober, were quiet, congenial and agreeable companions,

but when under the influence of intoxicants were transformed into mad men, and would want to fight, shoot, and in every way possible give vent to their feelings.

The life of a cowboy is fascinating and when once entered upon by the young man is usually pursued until disabled by accident or the long-continued riding incapacitates him for such a strenuous occupation. Most cowboys become hardened in sin and often drift beyond the reach of the Gospel. However, we have known some of them to become truly converted, have their wild and reckless natures subdued and become workers in the Lord's vineyard to preach deliverance to others who are bound by the chains of sin. But such instances are rare. In fact, there be few from any walk of life who choose the narrow way and bear the reproach of the cross.

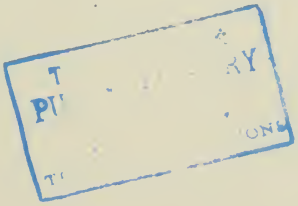
It was in the spring of 1896, when a youth in my teens, I left my quiet Kentucky home in Lewis County and started west. My destination was a stock ranch in the Grasshopper Valley, Beaverhead County, Montana. On arriving at Dillon I visited a few days at the home of relatives. The ranch to which I wished to go was thirty-five miles distant, and as there was no regular conveyance to

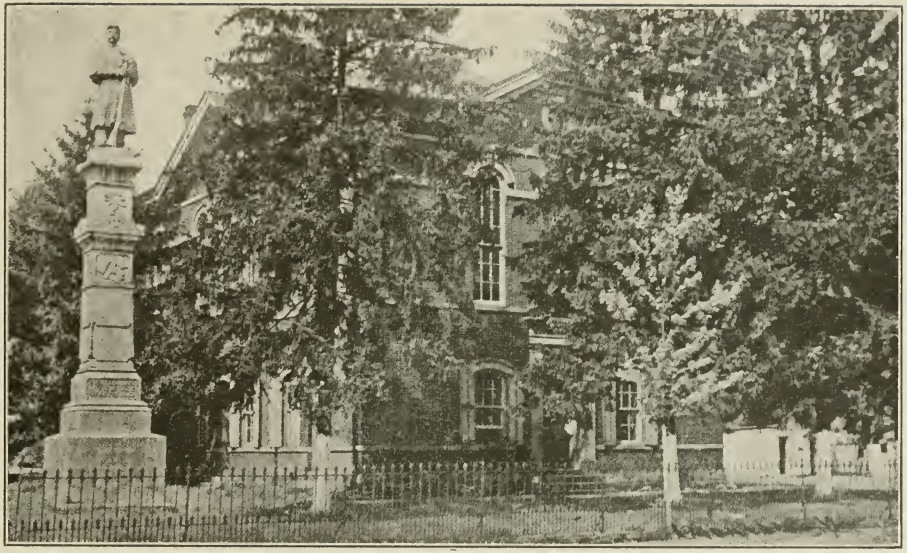
that section of the country, arrangements were made to ride over with a stockman who lived on beyond and was then in town with a four-horse team purchasing supplies for his ranch. This trip out to the ranch was my first introduction to western ways. However, I had read and heard considerable and was pretty well acquainted with things in general. I took a seat beside the driver and owner of the team and in the course of an hour's drive we had left the muddy roads of the valley and had reached a stretch of prairie land, and were making toward a range of mountains some fifteen or twenty miles away.

In the meantime Mr. W——, who had imbibed freely of the forbidden beverage while in town and along the way, was becoming somewhat drowsy and, turning the lines over to me, sought a place for repose in the back part of the wagon where one of his hired men also lay. It required most of the latter's time and strength to manage a rope to which were attached five or six half-broke horses. In the West they have a singular way of leading broncos. They tie the halter of one horse securely to the tail of another, and so on, until four or five may be strung out together. As these horses were not well broke to lead they

would frequently get to pulling back which would cause the most vigorous kicking on the part of the horse in front. At such times there would be two or three sets of heels flying in the air, while as many horses would be pulling back with all their might trying to keep their heads out of reach. Fortunately for the horses that were being kicked at, their ropes were long enough to enable them to keep their heads at a safe distance. This was all great amusement for a boy from the East, and though our thirty-five mile ride was over desert waste and rugged mountains, the trip did not seem long, and before nightfall I had reached my aunt's stock ranch. Here I stayed for a year working with horses and cattle, helping with the harvesting of the hay crop and in the meantime learned something about riding, throwing a lariat, etc. It is needless to say I soon became very much attached to the free, open life of the plains and had no desire to return east.

In the winter of 1898 I concluded to get a little more schooling and entered the State Normal School at Dillon which had just begun its first term. But by spring the desire for outdoor life was stronger than the inclination to sit within the walls of a school building and





SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND COURT HOUSE, VACEBURG, KY.

I soon found myself back on the ranch.

Years went by and though I was of a religious disposition and had attended church and Sunday-school most of my life, the world was getting a strong hold on me and I was growing up pretty much as other young men, so far as having any serious thought about serving God was concerned. Like myriads of church members I knew not by experience what it means to be converted and was in darkness as to the truth of spiritual things. I had united with the Methodist Church and when living in, or near town always availed myself of the opportunity of attending religious services. Yet I had never ceased from sin or surrendered my life to do the whole will of God, a thing which all must do in order to reach heaven.

Nevertheless, I was often under conviction for my inconsistent life, and at such times would make an effort in my own strength to cease to do evil and learn to do well, but I saw too clearly that in myself I was a miserable failure, even though I succeeded in breaking away from many things that were questionable. But no matter how hard I tried, I could make myself no better in God's sight and was made to mourn my sad condition. I

cried for deliverance, but it seems there was a reserve on my part, consequently I did not receive the divine help I sought. Then too, I needed some living examples of God's true people to show me the way. The church services I had been in the habit of attending were of a superficial character. There was little or none of the power of God manifest in them. Empty forms and ritualism are not calculated to help the sinner on to God. Such a service suits Satan's purpose very well for deceiving souls and easing the way down to perdition, but it takes infinitely more than this to cause men to fear and tremble because of their sins and to cry, "What must I do to be saved."

However, the Lord had His hand upon me and changed the order of things. Some evangelists came to town who had pulled away from dead ecclesiasticisms and had tarried until "endued with power from on high." Like a noted preacher of former years, they preached an "uttermost salvation for the righteous and endless damnation for the wicked." Though living three miles from town at the time, I attended the special services regularly and soon found myself at the altar praying for salvation. I yielded to God and received the witness that I was His child. I received some

wonderful touches on my soul and at times was very happy, but the carnal nature soon manifested itself and I often found myself struggling for the mastery over things that had formerly predominated in my life. At the time of my conversion I felt a strong call to give up worldly ambition and to enter fully into preparation for the Lord's work, but I failed to make the struggle at that time and continued for two years or more to labor for the things that perish. But I was a changed man ever after my conversion, and though I lost some of the joy and peace from my soul, the foolish pleasures of the world had lost their charm for me and I realized that nothing short of God's blessing could ever completely satisfy.

It was in the spring of 1904 that I took the position of foreman for the ——— Herding Association. This company was composed of four influential men, two or three of whom were old pioneers, and their cattle numbered some ten thousand head. Each of them owned ranches in Horse Prairie Valley, but they had company ranches fifty miles away in Big Hole Basin. Here they grazed their cattle in the summer time, trailing them back and forth in the spring and fall. Their cattle were allowed to drift toward the Basin in the

spring before the round-up was started and the ranchers along the way considered it somewhat of an intrusion for the cattle to graze over land adjacent to their ranches and were annoyed no little by their own cattle drifting with the large herd and straying away.

As a result of these conditions there was more or less strife between the stockmen; and the ranchmen along the way, as well as those living in the Basin, thought the only way to even things up was to appropriate a "Maverick" or beef steer occasionally from the Company herd. It is said of some of them that they never killed one of their own cattle, but seemed to think they were doing a good deed if they could get away with a "Horse Prairie" animal. Of course the butchering was done under cover and the branded hides destroyed to avoid detection. Though their deeds were well known to many, it was difficult to prove a case against the offenders and but an occasional one was prosecuted. Howbeit some who had warrants issued against them skipped the country and remained away rather than return and stand the chance of proving themselves of being innocent. Hence the country in one way and another was gradually being rid of the "cattle rustlers."

A portrayal of the character, and a record of the deeds of the various foremen the Company had had in their employ during the fifteen or twenty years previous to this time we daresay would make interesting reading. Though many of them distinguished themselves as being pretty well acquainted with the cattle business, and were expert at riding and throwing the rope, we failed to ever hear of one who was noted for his piety, and more than one found his way to the state prison as a result of his dishonest deeds. It is with most cowboys as it is with people everywhere, religion is a secondary matter, or to be more precise, no matter at all. Yet there are exceptions to all rules, and such is the power of the Gospel that it reaches men from every walk of life, even searches them out from the remote corners of the earth and transforms them and makes them to reflect the image of the immaculate One.

Not a few of the Company's foremen were a sad disappointment to them. Though hired to look after the interests of the Company, many of them were in league with the unscrupulous ranchers and butchers and co-operated with them in getting away with beeves

and unbranded calves from the Company herd.

But all such were soon found out and their wicked devices brought to an end. Men often succeed for a time in covering up their evil tracks, and some things are never brought to light in this world, but, "Be sure your sin will find you out." If not in this life it will stand out in all its hideousness at the Judgment and before the assembled multitudes. We have heard of a stockman in the West who was once driving a herd of cattle to market. In passing another's ranch a stray cow got in among his cattle which he drove off to market and sold. Years went by and this same man was a seeker after God at the altar of prayer, but as he prayed a white cow was ever before him and refused to be removed. But as he was deeply in earnest to find peace to his soul he kept seeking until the Spirit prompted him to go back to the man whose cow he had driven off. After confessing his deed and paying for the stolen cow he had no further trouble. No doubt some stockmen would have a great herd looming up before them should they begin to pray for salvation.

A rancher living in the vicinity of the cow camp had killed an animal belonging to the Company. He had cut the green hide into

C.M. Russell
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strips and used it in strengthening one of his hay racks. The cowboy in charge of the herd at that time, having occasion to borrow a hay wagon went to this neighbor and was given the one on which the rawhide had been used so freely. Being somewhat suspicious, he removed the strips of hide, placed them together and traced out one of the Company brands. Thus did one man's sin find him out, though he no doubt thought it was covered forever, but it was not even hid from the eyes of man, let alone the all-seeing eye of God.

A visitor at a neighboring ranch one day observed a hide lying near which contained two large, round holes, one on each side where the brands had been. By way of a jest he remarked, "You must have shot that one with a cannon." Of course the man had nothing to say, his guilt was too obvious.

Though having been associated with such men as the foregoing describes and surrounded with environments that were conducive to lawlessness, there was not the least temptation to be a party to a dishonest deed—this particular trait of evil was not in my make-up, yet in the sight of God I was no less a sinner than many of those who openly violated the laws of the land. I felt at times like a fugitive from

justice, a Jonah fleeing from duty, and my condemnation was no doubt greater than those of my associates who were out and out sinners and law breakers. I observed the moral law outwardly, but at this time I was a backslider and without the peace of the Lord in my soul.

Other cowboys thought it strange when I did not become angry and swear when things went wrong and that I did not smoke or play cards. Though having once been addicted to these habits I had long since gained the mastery over them and Satan seldom tempted me with these things. While this was much to be thankful for, I was not satisfied. The work in which I was engaged had a strong attachment for me and I was reluctant to give it up, yet I knew the Lord was calling me to work in His vineyard, inasmuch as I could not get rid of the thought scarcely for an hour during the day.

There were times that sleep went from my eyes and I would lie through the long hours of night pondering the question of giving up to God. I was fearful lest I should grieve the Spirit away and that the Lord would let trouble come upon me. In mounting or riding fractious horses forebodings of evil were ever before me. Instances of cowboys who had

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had their limbs crushed by horses falling on them would frequently come to mind as warnings, and something would say that I might be the next one should I fail to obey the voice of the Lord, but He in mercy kept me from injury, though having been thrown from broncos several times, as well as to have them stumble and fall when going at a rapid rate across country.

It is not an uncommon thing for horses on the range to fall by striking a badger or gopher hole when going at full speed. They somethings turn complete somersaults and on such occasions it is nothing short of a miracle if the rider escapes injury. I recall an occasion when galloping along with three other young men. I was riding in front. My horse went down and the one closest behind, unavoidably stumbled over my horse and we all piled up together. Aside from the few scratches the horses received, no damage was done and we rode on, hardly giving a passing remark to such an occurrence.

Thus for an indefinite period I halted between two opinions, but before the season's work was over, I had made up my mind to go to the Pillar of Fire Bible School in Denver.

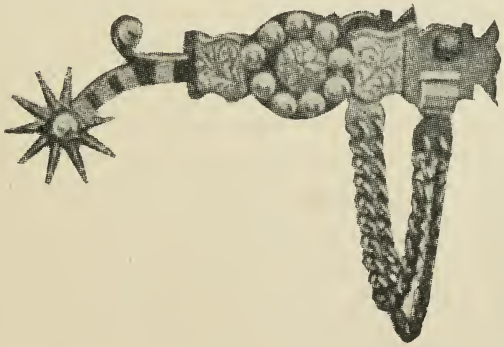
The *Pillar of Fire* paper, which came to my

camp regularly, ever kept before me my duty to the Lord, and there was no evading the command of Jesus, "Follow me." I arrived in Denver, February 22, 1905, determined to do the will of the Lord and to seek His kingdom rather than the things of the world. Since that time He has graciously supplied all my needs and wonderfully blest my soul. Furthermore, He has kept me well in body and enabled me to work day after day in His vineyard.

As the managing of a large herd of cattle involves no little responsibility and the facing of many difficulties, I often felt incapable and concerned as to whether I was performing my duty acceptably or not. At such times I would feel discouraged, and more than once was tempted to resign. But I realized that such a course would only bring disappointment and I determined to stay to the end of the season.

Unexpected mix-ups with other cattle, strifes and contentions among the cowboys, the work of branding calves, etc., all bring trials and testings, and it requires coolness and force of will to endure to the end of a season on the cattle range. However, when the work was over and all the cattle were gathered to their winter quarters and the accounts were

settled, it was said to me, "You did good work for us this season, and if you have nothing better in view for next season, we should like to have you again," and intimated an increase in wages. I was grateful for the commendation and offer, but I had already enlisted in the Lord's service and am striving that at the last great day I may hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant: * * enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."



# RIDING BRONCOS

IT DOES not take a very close study of the accompanying illustrations to convince the reader what has happened. It is a scene that has often been enacted on the western plains. The young man from the city, by some mysterious meanderings finds himself in a cow camp. When the delicate, though obstreperous youth thus comes in contact with the rough-and-tumble ways of the men of the range, there are sure to be some strange happenings. The lack of knowledge such a one displays of life on the plains furnishes a good opportunity for the cowboys to have some fun.

On observing some saddle horses in the corral, he expresses a desire to ride one of them. Cowboys are always quite hospitable when it comes to lending horses to visitors, especially when they have some on hand that seem to be gaited to ragtime music, and manifest their hilarity as soon as mounted by starting across country, taking high rapid and successive jumps, which is often to the discomfiture of the rider, but always a welcome excitement for the on-lookers. Of course all true-spirited west-

erners always give the new arrival a chance for his life. They look him over and ask him if he can ride. Any one unacquainted with life in a cow camp has little conception of all that this question implies. "Can you ride?" "Oh yes, don't yer know. I have ridden in the cavalry, and have chased foxes across the country in England," etc., is the answer that is often given by the young Englishman.

Most anyone can sit on a horse so long as he travels along in a steady and quiet gait, but in cowboy circles this question embraces much more than many of our readers might suppose. It is at least calculated to bring out the fact whether the one interrogated is capable of saddling a bronco, mounting him and retaining his seat while the horse is doing his best to unseat him as only a wild horse of the West can do. One who has not experienced the ordeal of sitting on a bucking horse, or seen his performances, has little knowledge of how difficult it is for the novice to "stay" even for a jump or two, much more for a few minutes. However, who can, and who cannot, is often proved in the cattle districts of the West, and the tenderfoot, who is confident of his ability to ride, is promptly provided an opportunity for establishing the truth of his assertions. So a horse

is brought forth and saddled. Though he stands very quiet while being saddled and mounted, the would-be rider is no sooner on his back than the performance begins. Those hardy men of the range fully know what will happen. They have already had visions of a horse with bowed head, jumping stiff-legged across the prairie, with the panic-stricken youth dangling from the horn of the saddle, while the air seems to be laden with flying buttons, caps, eyeglasses, kodaks, etc. Nevertheless, they play their part well, and give the unsuspecting equestrian no reason to suppose they are "putting up a game on him." Judging from his position on the ground we conclude that he did not ride far, but we dare say he had an excellent opportunity for testing the atmosphere in the upper regions, and had he been in possession of his right mind, he would doubtless have imagined himself taking a flight in one of the modern aeroplanes.

This little episode with its illustrations is presented here because of the very important spiritual lessons it impresses upon our mind. That Bible character who was especially famed for his wisdom, and who was acquainted with every phase of life, seemingly, handed down to us that true saying: "Pride goeth before

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THE INITIATION OF THE TENDER-FOOT

destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Had the young man in the picture come in a humble way, acknowledging his inability to ride, he would never have been given a "bad horse." But he came with a confidence in himself to do things, having never learned how. He needed to be humbled—he needed to find out his own weakness. A bucking bronco and two able instructors were the instruments to bring it about. It was a rough process, but one that never fails to work. We dare say he was a much humbler and wiser boy afterward, and was greatly profited by the experience.

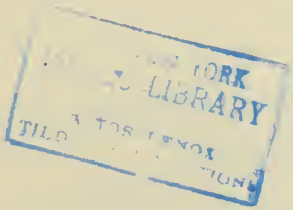
Just so do men in pursuing material, or even spiritual ends, meet with reverses. Man's tendency is to become exalted and self-reliant after having attained to a degree of efficiency in any pursuit. Before God can use a person and make of him a vessel unto honor, possessing a humble and contrite spirit, it is often necessary for him to suffer failure in order to show him that his dependence must be in God alone. His progress, however, depends largely upon how he treats failure and reverses. Each defeat of one's own strength and plans may be used as a round in the ladder making the next upward step possible, or it may be used as a

round on which to take the backward step leading to destruction.

Just as the cowboy of wide experience and long continued practice acquires the ability to ride the most agile and fractious broncos, so may the Christian become so established in the way of truth and righteousness that the most severe shakings that come from the powers of evil will not be able to dislodge him from his strongholds.

Another picture, undrawn by any earthly artist, comes to our mind. That most untameable of animals—the man of flesh, seeks to be ridden by the spiritual man. But alas, how often the spiritual man is thrown to the ground and trampled under foot, while the carnal man plunges on, wasting mind and body and furnishing a spectacle for men and demons to look upon. The first and greatest work of man is to teach his body to serve his soul. If he fails to do this the reverse of the order will be the result and the destruction of both soul and body will be inevitable.

While God often employs rigorous methods to discipline His children, He subdues no man by force and against his will. The bronco rider mounts the wild horse, and with quirt and spur, forces him to go wherever he wills.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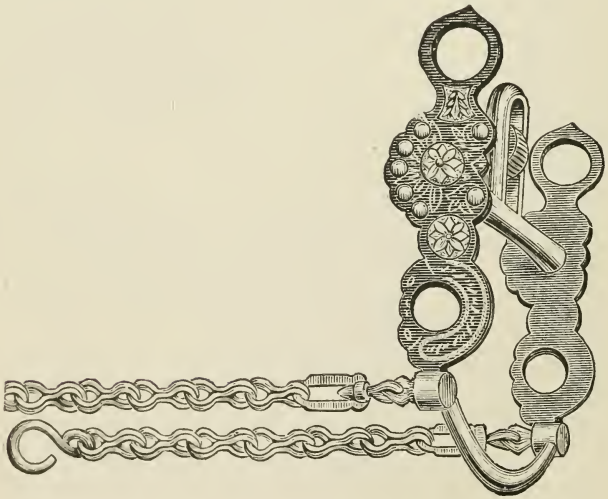
He does not care how high he jumps or how hard he comes down; he retains his seat and rides on. After repeated attempts to free himself from the galling saddle and the cruel spurs, the horse is well-nigh exhausted and will try other ways of getting rid of his burden, such as lying down, etc. But all to no avail, the process is kept up until he is completely subdued and he becomes obedient to the slightest reining of the rider. Horses of the more fractious and stubborn nature are often injured through the process of breaking by their own struggles or by the unnecessary cruelty with which some riders handle them.

God never willingly afflicts one of His children, but man through the gratification of his own desires, injures himself both soul and body, and if such indulgence is persisted in, the body is soon beyond repair, while the soul becomes clouded in darkness and eventually takes up its abode with the myriads of fallen spirits in pandemonium. It is God's plan to bring man into subjection to His will, but He does it through mercy and the tender wooing of the Holy Spirit, and if a man resists those gentle pullings upon the heart-strings, and, like the horse that throws its rider, goes his own way, he will sooner or later

find that he has no restraint upon him at all, and God no longer talks to him.

We trust that our readers will study these pictures well, for they are true to life, and out of them may be gleaned truths that will save the soul much suffering in this life, and from endless destruction.



# IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

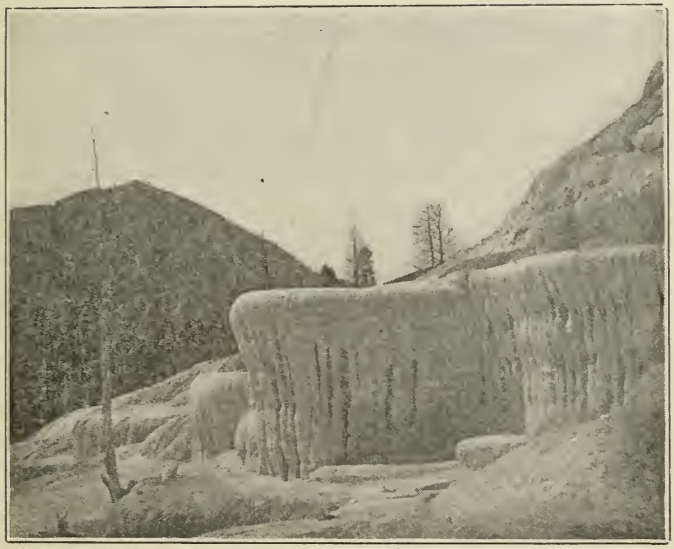
YELLOWSTONE PARK was established by the government, March 1, 1872. Subsequently a forest reserve was added on the east and south sides. The park proper is about sixty-four miles long from north to south, fifty-four miles wide, and has an area of 3,312 square miles. It is mostly in northwestern Wyoming, with a narrow strip each in Montana and Idaho. * * * The park is an elevated plateau surrounded by mountains, and has an average elevation of about 7,500 feet above sea level. Large streams of lava have spread over the park, and these have been greatly modified by glacial action and erosion."

The above facts we glean from a descriptive pamphlet issued by one of the leading railroad companies of the Northwest. It is not the purpose of this short sketch to acquaint the reader with the historical facts relative to the park or to attempt to give him even a meager description of this wonderful place of interest. Not only would time and space fail us in such an attempt, but we fear our language

would be inadequate to do justice to this noted place, where God's hand seems to have placed within its boundaries so much to attract and interest the minds of thousands of tourists.

The Queen of Sheba had heard much about the glory and magnificence of Solomon's kingdom, but on traveling a long distance to see for herself, she exclaimed, "Behold, the half was not told me." So we find in trying to tell of some of nature's beauty spots, words simply fail us. Perhaps no other place in all the world furnishes such a wide field for nature-study, recreation and delightsome pastime as Yellowstone Park. Here we find nature at her best. The large stretches of forests, untracked to a large extent by the foot of man, but roamed over by the wild beasts of the field, cause a feeling of loneliness to come over one who is unaccustomed to such surroundings.

As the visitor from the East alights from the train, perhaps the first thing that brings forth words of praise and admiration are the lofty snow-capped mountains that greet the eye on every side. There seems to be no end to them as the eye follows them for miles and miles. Truly the Creator of heaven and earth did not lack for material in piling up these



PULPIT TERRACE

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great heaps of earth and stone. We are reminded of His magnanimity, His abundant love, mercy and grace, which He so lavishly bestows upon His children. Then the attention is called to the tall and stately pine, fir and spruce trees that cover mountain and valley, again showing the liberality of Him who giveth us all things to enjoy.

"Yellowstone Park is the scenic gem of the Great West." Well might it be called "Wonderland." The startling scenes in natural phenomena that greet one on every hand are awe-inspiring, and memories of them ever linger in the minds of those who are so fortunate as to look upon them. Words are powerless when one experiences the overwhelming sensation produced by a first glimpse of its wonders. Its rivers and valleys are among the most beautiful in the world. Among its rarities are the wonderful geysers, hot springs, terraces and the grand canon of the Yellowstone River. There is nothing that men have written that is adequately descriptive of some of these beautiful scenes of nature-harmony.

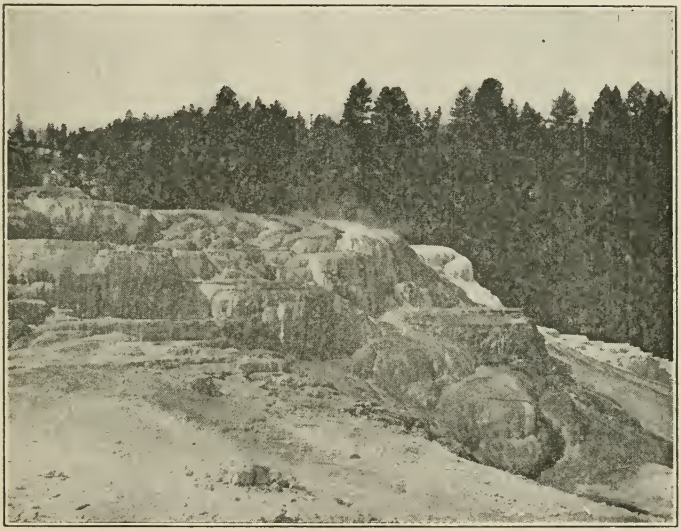
Here too, is the only place where the public may see the wild animals in their natural state. The animals evince little timidity, and it is not an uncommon sight, as you drive

along, to see elk or deer slaking their thirst in the stream near by. Or you may see a large bear out in the stream taking his daily bath.

The lover of nature may spend days and weeks within the boundaries of this noted place and never tire of its scenery. As he drives along in stage coach the landscape is ever changing. The experiences of each new day bring their charm and impressiveness. From the main road one may take side trips into the wilderness and look upon scenes perhaps never before seen by the eye of man.

We have visited "Wonderland," and have made mention, in our weak way of a few of its attractive features, and also present here two views of its scenery, which are by no means its most beautiful spots. In looking upon its scenery, in breathing in the fresh, pure mountain air or fishing in its clear rippling streams, we were thankful to God who provided such a place where one may go and be entirely separated from the pomp and pride of modern civilization and be alone with God and be surrounded by a variety of scenery not found elsewhere on the earth.

But after all how many do we meet from whose hearts no expressions of gratitude come at sight of these things! Some people only see



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the baser things of the world, and have eyes that are blinded to those things that are intended to make them think of God and heavenly things.

Reader, there is another "Wonderland," as yet not visited by mortal man, which, for beauty and magnificence, far surpasses anything on earth. We are told about it in the word of God. We enter it upon parting this life provided we have so lived as to be qualified to enter its pure and holy precincts. We may, through faith and obedience to God's commands, get glimpses of its scenery and breathe the air wafted to us from its heights while sojourning here in this land, and then, if true and faithful unto the end, enter its boundaries to enjoy its realities throughout eternity. At the entrance to the park there are large stone gateways attended by men employed by the government. Here one wishing to enter and make a tour of the park must gain permission before he may do so. He is not questioned as to his character, occupation or anything of the kind, but is simply deprived of his shooting arms and allowed to pursue his course. But how different and how stringent are the qualifications for entrance into this other land—the heavenly land! One may not enter except his heart be

cleansed from all sin that his whole life be in perfect harmony with that which is within. Dear reader, if you would enter the portals of heaven and enjoy throughout eternity those things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," forsake sin and follow the Son of God all the way.

# HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE

THE NATURAL tendency of all living organisms is to degenerate or die. We see this evidenced all about us in the vegetable kingdom. Through a process of cultivation, vegetables in a garden come to a stage of maturity, produce their fruit and die. If neglected they degenerate or die before their time. In the western states, where irrigation is necessary to produce a crop, a man prepares the ground and sows the seed. In due time the tender plants shoot up from the earth and attain a height of several inches and the prospects for a good crop are favorable. The natural moisture of the ground and the scant rainfall have been sufficient to give the grain a good start. However, the time arrives for the irrigation to begin. Far up in the mountains, fed by the melting snows of the preceding winter, is a large reservoir. Canals and ditches adequate for conveying the water to the grain field have already been made, but for some reason the owner of the field neglects to turn on the water. The result is, the ground becomes parched un-

der the burning rays of the sun, and the once flourishing grain dies and no crop is produced. Only one thing was responsible, and that was the neglect of the farmer to turn on the water. To illustrate again. A garden is planted, say with strawberries and roses, and for a number of years is left alone. When we visit it in process of time we find that it has run to waste. But it is a different process of deterioration from that which took place in the failure to water the grain. The strawberries and roses have not died out, but they have degenerated. The strawberries have become small, and the once large, fragrant rose has lost its size and beauty.

The same thing takes place in the case of man. If he neglects himself he becomes a worse man and a lower man. If his body is neglected and not exercised he will become weak and emaciated. If his mind is neglected, it will degenerate. If he neglects his conscience he will run off into sin and lawlessness. Nothing escapes death and decay that is neglected.

So we see some of the great evils that come as a result of simple neglect, but the neglect which brings the most terrible results, is the neglect of the soul. Our text says, "How

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MINNEOPA LAKE AND TENT MOUNTAIN—MONTANA

shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The Scriptures do not take the trouble to answer the question, for it is too obvious. If we neglect the soul with this universal principle staring us in the face, how shall we escape? There is no escape. Atrophy, degeneration and death are inevitable. Sin destroys the soul. There are sins of commission and there are sins of omission. But the latter class of sins people think little about. The popular impression is that a man must be an open and notorious sinner in order to be lost. That he must be one who has little regard for the good in life and has given loose rein to the evil within him. But this scripture settles the question that if a man simply neglects his soul he will ultimately be lost. If we could open the door of pandemonium and ask the lost souls how they came to be there the great cry would go up, "I neglected to care for my soul when the opportunity was offered." Oh, how they would strive to escape torment if they were permitted to live on the earth again! But it is too late now, and they must mourn their fate forever.

On a certain railroad in the Rocky Mountains, two large cars heavily loaded with coal were left standing at the station of L——. For

fifty or sixty miles north the track ran down grade. Without any assistance from man, the cars in some way started down the track, and it is needless to say they were soon going at a rapid rate and gaining speed every moment. The operator, on discovering some little time later that they were gone, telegraphed the station fifty miles distant for the man to turn the switch and run the cars onto a siding, but he got the message just in time to step to the door and see the cars dash by. They continued on their mad career a few miles farther and crashed into an oncoming train, killing the engineer and fireman and injuring others. What caused the trouble? Neglect. The trainman that left the cars standing failed to secure the brakes properly, and perhaps nothing more than a gust of wind, or the vibration caused by a passing train was necessary to start them on their road to destruction. But they ran their course and you see the result.

Reader, do you know that people are like those cars? Every unconverted sinner is on the down grade and his speed is increasing moment by moment. Before him is destruction. He may not go much farther ere the terrible crash comes and all hopes of his soul's welfare be shattered. It lies within his

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power to stop. Had there been a man on the cars he could have set the brakes and brought them to a standstill, but some other powerful agency would have been necessary to take them back up the grade. Just so can a man put the brakes on his evil life and stop his downward trend, but that unseen power imparted by the Son of God must be utilized for him to make the great ascent from earth to heaven. Which way are you traveling?

The natural man has a bias toward sin, and like that mysterious force called gravitation, it pulls downward. By another force, that of attraction, he may be drawn upward if he submits himself to the will of God. But he who neglects, how shall he escape? If a man falls into the sea he is most likely to drown if he has neglected to learn to swim. Again, if a man has swallowed poison he has but to neglect taking the antedote and he will die. So man is poisoned by sin. In this "great salvation" God has provided a remedy for all his ailments, both physical and spiritual. He does not have to blaspheme the name of God or denounce Christianity publicly, or be a great sinner in order to be lost, but simply neglect to make use of the remedy. You may just go on as you have been going from day to day and from week to week,

continue to attend church services, if you please, dress like the world and talk like the world, and if you do not some day find yourself in the confines of the eternally lost, then our text means nothing. But it is the word of God. ESCAPE! Why you had as well believe a man would escape death who refuses to breathe or feed his body as for him to escape hell if he neglcts salvation.

Some of you have been neglecting for a long time. You realize your lost condition, your downward trend, but you have not stopped. In the distance you see trouble and despair. You are fearful of the future. There are times when you feel resolved to stop short and go to seeking God, but still you neglect. You are neglecting to confess your sins, you are neglecting to make wrongs right, you are neglecting to go to the altar and put yourself on record as a seeker after God. For the sake of your immortal soul and for the sake of friends and loved ones, and for Jesus' sake settle this question before it is forever too late. But I hear some of you say, "Some other day," "There is plenty of time," etc. To-day is the day, neglect it and you may never have another. Those who are now in the lost world would want but a moment to decide this

question. How eagerly they would accept the first opportunity to get salvation, but they neglected their souls when on earth and how shall you escape their fate?

# THE WESTERN BRONCO

THERE is no place where the horse seems more at home than on the range of the Rocky Mountain states. Our picture shows a small band of horses in their semi-wild state in southern Montana. Here among the rolling foothills, feeding upon the succulent buffalo or bunch grass, they become strong, fleet-footed and exceedingly active, insomuch that it is sometimes difficult for man to bring them under control. Even in the winter time when the blizzards are raging and the snows are piling up, they make a good living without the assistance of man, and seem to fear nothing, except it be the "horse-wrangler," who may at any time ride up, inspect their brand, give a few piercing yells and start them off on a fifteen or twenty-mile run to the corral.

Of course in the more rugged districts and farther back in the mountains, the process of corralling horses is somewhat different. Here they become more afraid of man, and to approach within distance to get a picture like the one following would be exceedingly difficult and would require much strategy. However,

with the different methods of capturing the wild horse, few of them escape the corral or the lariat. There are many sections of country where these horses are so fearful of man that to approach within less than a mile of them is difficult, except it be to come upon them unawares from behind a hill. Therefore to have any success corralling them it is necessary to have from six to ten well-mounted and experienced horsemen who encircle the section of country frequented by several bands, which may consist of eight to twenty head each.

By the time the riders have reached the limit of their circle, some of the horses here and there on the mountains have espied them, and either stand watching, as if contemplating which direction to run, or else they have already made a break for the high and more distant mountains. And it is needless to say that in most every round-up of this kind, some of the bands led by some particular wily and fleet-footed stallion, make good their escape. Those remaining in the circle are closed in upon by the riders and started towards the corral, and by the time the valley or flat is reached, the different bands have come together, and a single band of 150 to 300 head, and under good control, is the result.

But all this is much easier and quicker told than done. However, there is no greater excitement, or work more fascinating to the young westerner than that of corralling the wild horse. It requires endurance, fearlessness and horsemanship, and great danger is often involved, but we have seen few cowboys and horse-wranglers who were not always ready to join a horse round-up.

From the time the saddle band is driven in from the field in the morning and each rider has selected his mount for the day, there is "something doin'." Some of the saddle horses have perhaps been used but little, and were themselves a short time previous, running wild over the plains, and they have to be lassoed, and maybe have one foot tied up or other advantages taken, in order to get the saddle on them. And when mounted, the chances are many for them to go bucking, rearing and plunging across the prairie, while one or two inexperienced riders may be seen to pick themselves up from the ground, have their horses re-caught and another attempt made. But it is not long until the riders in small groups of two or four may be seen making their way toward the tops of the high ridges some ten or fifteen miles away. Their mounts are spared

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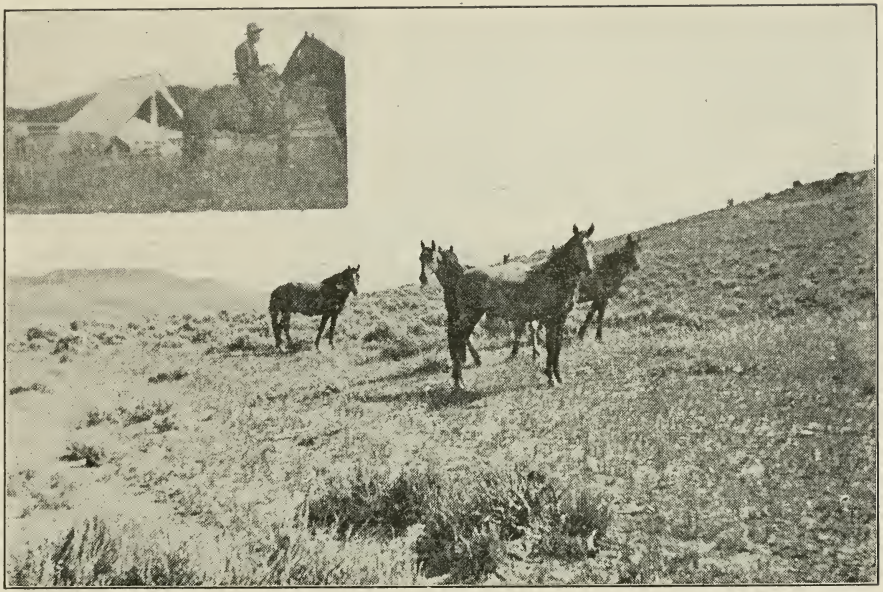


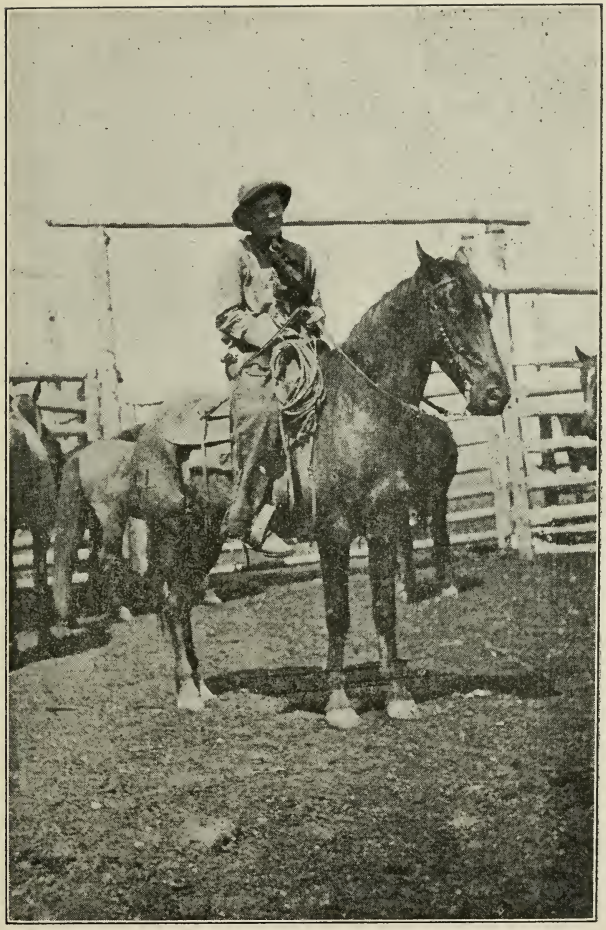
RANGE HORSES—MONTANA

as much as possible going out and are not ridden out of a walk, but when the point of closing in upon the wild horses is reached, all is suddenly changed. The men no longer ride side by side, but separate and dash off in different directions, each bent on gaining control of some fleeing band. Some of the older horses that acted sleepy and worn out coming up the hill and needed urging and spurring then, act different now. The same spirit that possesses their riders, seems to animate every fiber of their being, and with champing bit and wide extended nostrils they eagerly join the chase. On they go, up hill and down hill, over stones and sage brush, stopping for nothing, but here and there swerving to one side to avoid a badger hole, the extreme dread of both horse and rider.

Occasionally the sharp crack of a six-shooter may be heard and the dust is seen to rise just in front of some fleeing band that seems bent on getting away. This is done to check them and turn their course when the rider finds himself at a disadvantage in heading them. It sometimes happens that the fleeing horses are on the opposite side of a deep ravine from the rider and are about to reach some point of advantage along a regular trail that

has served them in making their escape many times before. On some occasions the escaping horses refuse to turn and will almost run over a rider, and when once past him and on the hill above, they are usually free, so far as that day's round-up is concerned. Here is where the patience of the horse-wrangler is tried, and if the horse leading the escaping band should be one that is especially noted for his bold dashes for liberty, no matter how fine a horse he may be or whose brand he carries, he stands an excellent chance of having his hide pierced with a ball from a six-shooter, if he should happen to be dealing with one who has little regard for the life of a beast.

But at last the ride is finished and the gate of the strong, high corral closes behind the horses, who go circling around if perchance they might find a weak place that offers a way to liberty. On the outside stand the brave little saddle horses, with heaving sides and coats white with foam. On the fence are the riders talking over the day's ride and examining the horses within. Next, a fire is kindled in which are placed the branding irons and the process of branding begins. The young colt is "spotted" by the side of its mother, lassoed and thrown and the hot iron is applied to its thigh



COWBOY IN CORRAL

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or shoulder, and a mark is left that it carries to the end of life. The horses desired for breaking or to be sold are lassoed and tied up, or separated into another enclosure, and the main band is again set at liberty.

But the treatment the colts and others of the band receive in the corral they never forget and learn to dread the contact with man and his cruel lariat and hot iron until they are eventually broken and conquered and have become gentle and obedient.

When rightly handled the wildest and most vicious of these horses of the plains become most gentle and useful, and for carrying a man day after day, or drawing vehicles, they are unexcelled. Yet there is found an occasional one that it seems impossible to rid of his bucking proclivities and such an one is either turned loose to roam the range at will or is kept about the ranch for the boys to practice on. The appellation "outlaw" is given him, and from henceforth he is regarded with suspicion. Perhaps every possible means has been employed to tame him and many different "bronco busters" have tried their methods on him, but all to no avail. With each attempt he probably becomes worse. While such a horse may not be able to unseat his rider, his

riders also fail to take all the meanness out of him and have to give it up. It is often the case that such a horse will allow himself to be saddled and mounted with little difficulty and may carry his rider for many miles over the hills without showing a bad spirit, but suddenly, and on some steep hillside, the spirit of the evil one seems to possess him, and away he goes, bucking and plunging down the hill, and the rider who found it easy to retain his seat while he was bucking on the level ground, now finds that he has to "ride some" if he is so fortunate as to "stay" at all.

How well does a horse of this nature reminds us of people we meet. There are those who cannot be tamed, so to speak, and brought into subjection to the will of God. They refuse to have the wild, or carnal nature eradicated, and they become "outlaws," and are a curse to humanity instead of being a blessing. Yet they were not always so. That coarse, rough-featured man you see yonder, rushing into sin and giving loose rein to evil passions, was once an innocent little boy with flaxen curls and unclouded brow, playing about his mother's knee, and could be guided whithersoever she willed. But time went on, young manhood was reached, liberties were taken,

and soon the restraining hand of mother or father was no longer felt. Conscience, too, was silenced, and the result is a wild and reckless man, doting over what he calls liberty.

But the father-heart of God is touched at such a sad picture and He sends His messengers out over the world to bring the wanderers into His fold. Many are rounded up, as it were, and brought into the congregation of the righteous and the Holy Spirit begins to work on them. God is merciful and of great kindness. He whispers softly to the youth: "Son give me thine heart." If the voice is obeyed, the young man is instructed and becomes trained in the Christian warfare and goes out as a messenger to wandering ones. But if he resists and refuses to be subdued, like the "outlaw" bronco on the western plains, he becomes a mere cumberer of the ground, and will sooner or later take the final leap over the terrible precipice. How numerous are such characters in the land to-day. Many of them in religious circles, too, and associated with God's true people. They run well for a time and manifest no ill spirit, but suddenly they take matters in their own hands, throw off all restraint and fly off on a tangent somewhere, vainly hoping to retain God's favor

and blessing, but their sad end will be manifest to all, except they become obedient to the will of God.

There is another peculiar thing about these "outlaw" horses. They are often allowed to run with a regular saddle band, and having been ridden some and become saddle-marked, they have all the appearance of being regular saddle horses, and one is sometimes saddled and mounted by mistake by some one who may not be able to ride well. The result of course is a fall and possibly an injury. So it is with the rebellious or disobedient person. Though having failed to measure up to God's requirements, he goes on with an empty profession and his forms of religion, and many honest, though unwary souls are deceived thereby. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" People mount the wild horse, as it were, who carries them along very pleasantly for a time, but little do they realize their danger. They are destined to be carried down the steep incline where the jagged rocks of heresies and devil-delusions await to receive them. Thus maimed and crippled, they go through life. Living, yet dead. Dead to the voice of God, to the entreaties of friends and

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BUCKING BRONCO

loved ones, and to all reason. "Wandering stars" are they, visited by strange hallucinations and peculiar visions, and "to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." Backsliders from God, "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame." Oh, the terrible examples of rebellion and disobedience there are on every hand to-day!

"Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee." Because of Saul's rebellion, disobedience and stubbornness, God rejected him. His wild and self-chosen course eventually led him to seek aid from one who had a "familiar spirit," a thing he himself had previously denounced, and he had caused to be put to death those who practiced witchcraft. Thus did he, through rebellion and disobedience, still the voice of God to his soul. But his religious nature still craved some manifestation of the supernatural. He could not be satisfied without some token from the unseen world, and since God had ceased to talk to him, the spirits from the under world began to operate. The account of his ignominious death is familiar to all.

Instance after instance could be cited in

the Bible of where people disobeyed God, and stubbornness and rebellion became the ruling principle in their lives, and they suffered terrible consequences. These sad reflections are warnings to us lest we take a similar course. With God's face turned away and His voice no longer heard, the lives of those who have failed to become submissive in His hands, go out in darkness and despair. Reader, look well to thy course lest thou too be found among the fallen at that last great day of reckoning.

# TRAINING FOR SERVICE

IN our last chapter we gave a description of a horse round-up on the Western plains, the process of handling them, etc., and dealt especially with the "outlaw," or the horse that never becomes completely subdued. In this chapter we also have something to say of western horses, but rather with those that are trained for special work. However, we hope to impress upon our readers some important spiritual lessons, otherwise we would use our time and this space to some other purpose.

The team of six in our illustration drawing the stage-coach, once roamed at will the range, galloping over the highest mountains, defying the fleet-footed pony, and his rider with his cruel lariat. They did not range together, however, but one in this band and another in that, and in different sections of the country, and bore brands of various owners. But at last their day comes and they fall victims to the round-up and are brought in from their coveted haunts and put through the process of breaking.

The horse desired for breaking is usually

separated from all others into an enclosure by himself. A man enters the enclosure with a lariat, at sight of which the frightened horse goes circling round the corral. This very act insures his speedy capture, for out shoots the lariat, the noose encircles his fore feet, a quick jerk is given and he falls heavily upon his side where he is held until a "hackamore," or halter, is put on him. The foot rope is then removed and he is on his feet almost instantly. Thinking he is again free, he makes a bold dash across the corral, but is brought to a sudden stop by the strong halter rope, a few turns of which have been taken around a substantial post. After a few unsuccessful attempts to break away, and with his neck made stiff by the sudden jerks it has received, he soon learns that it is better to yield and be led about than it is to resist. Would that men in God's school of discipline would act as wisely when chastened for their resistance, as do some of these wild horses.

In training men for His service, the Lord throws out His lasso of truth and would gently draw them to himself, but many pull back and "kick against the pricks," and if they are brought in subjection at all the most strenuous means often have to be resorted to. Saul of

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Tarsus, the proud and learned Pharisee and persecutor of the Christians, at last saw the folly of pulling against God's Spirit, but it was not until he had been stricken to the earth with an exceeding great light from heaven that he realized what he was doing. Saul was a Jew and full of prejudice toward the Christ of Calvary and His humble followers, and it was necessary that extraordinary means be employed to convince him of the truth. But in this enlightened age men do not need to wait for such manifestations to reveal the fact that they are pulling against God's Spirit, yet multitudes plunge blindly on in their self-chosen courses in the glare of all the light that shines from the sacred page and the lives of holy men and women down the ages. Saul at last had his wild and reckless nature subdued and became one of God's most obedient servants, and no other preacher since has been such a blessing to the world as he.

But to return to our bronco. If we would fit him to be one of a team to draw U. S. mail, and passengers, including irritable women and helpless children, over the Rockies and along roads that overlook precipitous bluffs and deep, yawning canons, we must first take him through a careful course of training and find

out whether he is sufficient for such work.

From the corral he is led or forced into the barn and placed in a narrow box stall. Perhaps this is enough for his first day's training and he is left for the morrow, when he is introduced to a set of harness. Though he jumps and snorts and kicks, the buckles and straps are made secure. He is then tied alongside of a good, gentle work horse and led forth to the heavy farm wagon, to which he is gently, though often with difficulty, hitched. When this is accomplished the men take their places in the high spring seat. And experienced drivers they must be, too. Men who have had no experience with broncos would better stand aloof for a while and see how they perform. Before us is the road leading out onto the wide, open prairie. A word is spoken or a slight touch is given the gentle horse and everything is on the move. The bronco rears, plunges and starts across the country at a speed that would leave a city fire wagon answering a hurry-up call in the distance. The driver calmly retains his seat, his main object for the present being to steer clear of dangerous places, such as ravines and ditches, and not caring so much as to how fast he goes. Meanwhile, of course, he is pulling on the lines,

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OVERLAND FREIGHTING IN THE WEST

which, however, has little effect upon the bronco only as the gentle horse yields and steers the wagon aright by pulling or pushing against the bronco as the case may be. A few miles and return is considered enough for the first time and the bronco is again put in his stall, but the bit in his mouth has done its work in spite of his running and jumping and the next time he is driven he is more careful how he goes against it. If he is an average horse in point of obedience and aptness for learning, and has shown no particularly bad or stubborn traits, after several drives such as the above, he may be considered safe to hitch to a hay wagon or mowing machine, and when the large hay crop is harvested he is a much changed horse from the one brought in from the range a few weeks before. After a good, long course of general farm and road work, and by careful handling, the stage operator may see fit to purchase him. For use in the heavy freight team a horse need not be so well broken to start with. Here he may try as he may and there will be little fear of his doing any damage by his attempts to run away, since the load behind him may consist of many tons of ore or heavy machinery.

Just as these wild horses are taken

through various processes and put to different kinds of work before they can be trusted to draw the pleasure carriage or stage coach, so must he whom God wishes to use for a special work submit himself to a rigid discipline and be thoroughly proved before he can be trusted to fill a place of responsibility in His vineyard. Experience has taught the westerner that it would not do to take one of these horses right off the range and hitch him to a light carriage. It would not be worth much after a few miles run over stones and through sage brush. The apostles were taken from their fishing nets and followed close in the steps of Jesus for three years before He left them with the responsibility of preaching the Gospel to all the world. The effect of their lives upon the whole world is proof of the training they received. God has His school to-day for turning out disciples and it may not necessarily be a modern college or school of oratory, but it is a school of obedience, faith and heart-felt experience.

But of all the traits or instincts that are common to the horse of the plains there is one that stands out preeminently above all the rest. And that is his ever-present longing or homesickness for the place of his birth and the

haunts where he spent his early years of freedom. Though he may be kept on the ranch for years and run in the finest meadow, or be kept in the barn and fed on the choicest grain and receive the best of treatment, he has but to see the open gate or the weak place in the fence and he is gone to the far distant mountains to feed upon the sweet grass that grows there and to drink of the cool waters that come rolling down the canon. Miles and miles will these horses travel when they break away from the herd in the night-time or escape from the field in which they are kept, that they might return to their native haunts. If their owner knows where they had previously ranged he goes at once to that locality and he is not long in finding them. Men, too, experience a similar homesickness. Those who have spent years on the plains following the herds and have then gone to the city in the East to live have this feeling come over them at times until they almost abhor the noise and bustle of city life and would gladly flee to the plains. Especially is this feeling most irresistible in the springtime when the lowing of the cattle may be heard as they follow the trail and nibble here and there at the tender grass shooting forth.

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But we want to speak to our readers about another homesickness which no doubt many of you have experienced. And that is a homesickness for God. The prodigal son had this homesickness, when in the swine pens his mind reverted to former scenes and he recalled the happy years spent in that home of plenty. Such an intense desire came over him that he immediately arose and tramped the long distance over the dusty road to his father's house, and he was received gladly. You who are a backslider from God can recall the happy days and months spent in fellowship with the Lord and His children—when you were led in green pastures and beside still waters in the land of freedom. How you long for those happy days to come again, that the heavenly Father's love may once more be lavished upon you and you receive the kiss of pardon. Ah, but you are bound! Like the horse encased in his harness and held with the bit, you are bound by the chains of sin and the enemy has a hedge about you to hold you in his service. But thank God, you may be free. You may again return to your Father's house and join in the music and dancing. But it will take a strenuous effort on your part. There may be confessions to make and wrongs to set right which

will require all the courage you can summon, but God will meet you half way and receive you to himself, and you will again rejoice in the liberty of the children of God. But bear in mind reader, that no matter how intense the desire for God and heavenly things may be, your soul will remain unsatisfied if you refuse to surrender your will to the Lord and fail to walk in His law. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

# ENDURANCE

ENDURANCE IS ONE of the most necessary elements of the Christian character. To endure unto the end means to be eternally saved. Though a man do exploits and perform many deeds of righteousness, if he fails in the critical moment and does not endure unto the end he will be eternally lost.

In the physical man, strength is determined by what he can endure and not by any feat he may be able to perform. He may be able to run swiftly, or to execute many of the exercises in the art of calisthenics in a graceful and dexterous manner, but unless he keeps up those movements of the body that are calculated to produce muscle and hardness, he will remain a weakling and will utterly fail in his efforts to become strong. Such an one may not hope to bear off the laurels in an endurance race, or to make a living where he would be compelled to handle a pick and shovel from eight to ten hours a day.

In the parable of the sower we have four classes of people represented. In the first instance the people allowed Satan to come im-

mediately and take away the word that was sown in their hearts The second class of hearers were those who received the word immediately and with gladness of heart, but having no root within themselves, they endured but for a time. When persecution and affliction came they were offended and gave up the struggle.

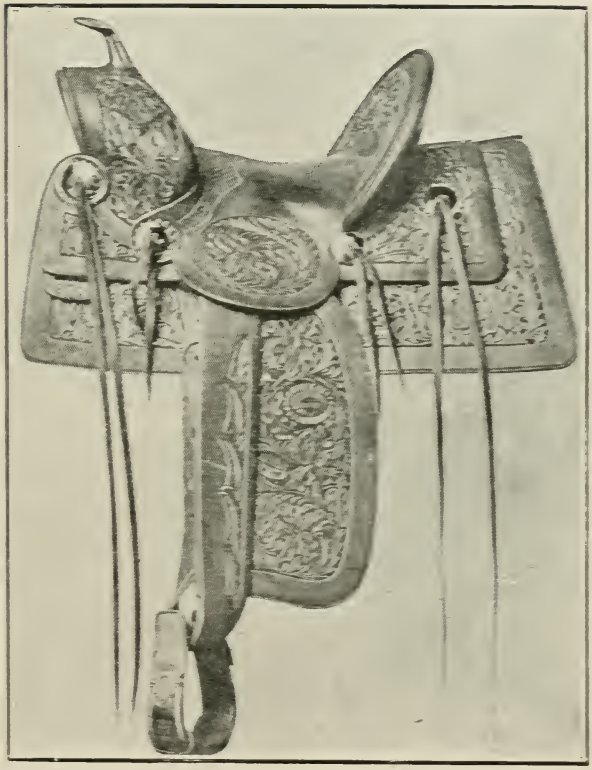
Then there was the class represented by the seed that was sown among thorns. They too, heard the word, but "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word," and their destiny is sealed.

How strikingly is the truth of this parable of the sower illustrated in the religious world to-day! In fact, in all ages there have been those who started well, ran swiftly for a time, were a blessing in the world, but like the stony and thorny-ground hearers, they endured but a short time, took a side-track,—one that was a little easier,—drifted with the world and lost their souls. Nevertheless, some fell on good ground and brought forth fruit abundantly, and just as truly will there be a few in this day and age of the world who will hear the word and bring forth fruit unto righteousness and inherit eternal life. To all but make the goal is sad indeed.

Considering material things, the cowboys and cow-horses of the western plains furnish us with some excellent examples of endurance. The cowboy, seated on his wiry little steed, seems to be a permanent fixture so far as the cattle industry of the West is concerned. Neither he nor his mount seem ever to tire of their occupation.

Perhaps it is early winter and the large herds of cattle as yet have not been brought in from their summer range. There are thousands of them and they must be rounded up, separated and taken to different ranches and fields. To accomplish this requires men who have been hardened at this kind of work. Stenographers, bookkeepers and professional men would fail here. Men who have been brought up as hot-house plants would shrink from the blizzards and extreme cold to which the plains of the northwest are subject, nor would their untrained bodies with their flabby muscles and wrecked nerves find a happy repose on the back of one of these lively, shying broncos. In short many of the cattle would perish out on the cold, snowy mountains were there no experienced men on hand to seek them out and bring them in.

Look at the horse! Ofttimes ungainly in



WESTERN STOCK SADDLE

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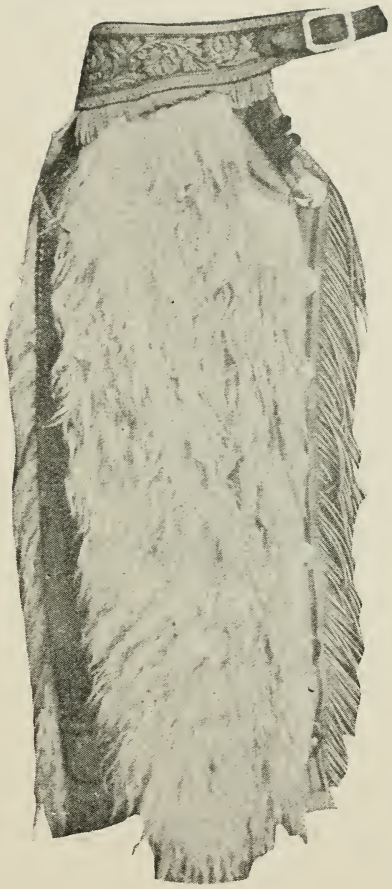
appearance, but full of grit and animation and capable of carrying his rider through deep snow and up and down hill all day without becoming exhausted. While he does not possess the beauty and symmetry of form that the Kentucky thoroughbred possesses, the ceaseless toil and rough usage that he endures would put the Kentucky horse out of business in a short time.

However, it is not everybody in the West who dresses himself in cowboy regalia, and mounts a horse, who is a real cowboy. In Montana we have what are called "sunshine riders." These are young men who as yet have not become regular riders—novices at the business. Perhaps it is some one who has not been out from the East long, or whose occupation has been confined to farming or something else. He sees the cowboys riding the broncos and throwing the lasso, and a desire seizes him to do likewise. So when the opportunity is offered, he selects a fine-looking, high-spirited horse, but one which he has pretty good evidence will not buck. Clad in chaps and spurs, and probably a six-shooter at his belt, his main ambition is to present a striking appearance. He rides along admiring himself, and if it is a bright, sunshiny day, he

spurs his horse up and casts occasional glances at his shadow, hence the appellation, "sunshine rider." At this stage of his experience he is of little use as a "cow-puncher;" he is more ornamental than useful, and the experienced men have to do all the work. However, if he keeps at the business and endures the ridicule heaped upon him by the other riders, he will in time become capable of doing real service as a cowboy.

How well does such a one portray the character of the multitudes of professing Christians! Prominent in religious circles, but as true soldiers of the cross they are fearfully lacking in that rugged nature and the characteristics that go to make up a true follower of Christ. They have a form of religion, but no power, no love for souls, in fact there is nothing about them that would characterize them as having been with Jesus. Sad will be their fate except they repent, throw away their cloak of profession and church membership and become a true worker for the Lord.



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# WATERS OF LIFE

HE SENDETH THE SPRINGS into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst" (Psa. 104: 10-11). Of the many elements taken into the human body, few are as important in sustaining life and maintaining health as the water we drink. If good, pure water is not obtained, sickness, disease and death are the inevitable results. In our cities and towns the authorities take it upon themselves to procure the best water possible for domestic purposes, yet the best obtained in many instances, is very poor. Often it is piped from the polluted river running near by, and though it is taken through a process of filtering, it is void of that pure, sweet taste that characterizes good spring water, and in drinking it one gets a taste that is associated in his mind with sloughs, frog-ponds and muddy streams.

There are elegant fountains erected which produce a display of spouting water, and there are polished faucets from which you may

draw, but the water which flows from them is the same as that which comes from the rusty old hydrant along the gutter that is used for putting out fires and cleaning and sprinkling streets. In order to obtain pure water we must go to a good well or spring. The difficulty is people live too far away from the fountain-head. Up in the mountains where large rivers have their sources, the water is pure, but as the stream leaves the mountains and flows out through the lowlands, it brushes against towns and cities along the way and picks up refuse of almost every description, until death and disease float upon its bosom. Yet people must have water, and this is what many of them are compelled to drink from year to year. Even in the rural districts where one might expect to obtain good water the wells are often shallow and germs of malaria and typhoid lurk within their contents.

Our picture illustrates a cowboy drinking from a spring in the Rocky Mountains. Here one may be sure of getting pure water. As one rides along the foothills in the summer's sun he is often compelled to halt at one of the numerous springs and quench his thirst. Some of these springs, in general appearance, are not the most tempting places to drink, for cattle

and wild horses have been there tramping around, and the fastidious one would doubtless pass them by, but nevertheless one is assured a cool, pure drink if he but prostrates himself upon the ground and brings his mouth in contact with the sparkling fluid as it bubbles and pushes its way up through the gravel. No malaria or other impurities here. Nothing but cool, pure, sparkling water. What a blessing to the thirsty traveler! Down in the valley below him flows the rushing stream that has its source in the high altitudes, but as it flows through the fields its waters are rendered brackish by the surface waters pouring into them from irrigating ditches. So we see how necessary it is to go to the spring or near the source of the stream to get pure water.

Two cowboys were riding across the plains. It was midsummer, and the fierce rays of the sun, together with the rising alkali dust had brought extreme thirst to the riders as well as their horses. They were becoming faint, and when it seemed that they could hold out no longer, they came to a small stream, whose waters were cool, and clear as crystal. Though flowing through a dry country, it had its source far up in the shadowy mountains, and was fed by the melting snows of the pre-

ceding winter. Here the boys dismounted, and after the manner of cowboys, they lay down and drank to their fill. Thus refreshed, they pursued their journey across the desert land, having for their objective point a distant ranch house which they hoped to reach by nightfall, where they would rest from the toil and heat of the day.

So the thirsty soul, having tried in vain to slake his thirst for happiness at the fountains of earth, gets a draught from the heavenly stream. It puts life and animation into him, he starts out across the desert world to make the heavenly goal. Trials and discouragements beset him on every side, and it seems at times that he cannot hold out longer, but by and by he gets another drink from the waters of salvation, by way of a blessing or some token of God's favor, which enables him to pursue his journey. One must continually seek refreshment from this heavenly stream or succumb to the blighting influences of a sin-cursed world. Unlike the streams of this world, it is not effected by the heat and cold, but flows constantly on, turning barrenness and drought into life and activity, and dispelling doubt and fear and giving comfort and happiness in their stead.

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COWBOY DRINKING FROM A SPRING

"Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." This great stream of salvation has been flowing down through the centuries, and multitudes have slaked their thirst therein, and it flows on still. It is just as pure, just as life-giving as when the prophets of old drank and obtained life eternal. It never runs dry. Jesus Christ is its source. He is the fountain-head. He says, "Come unto me and drink, and never thirst again." There are other waters that one may drink from, but they do not satisfy. The fountains of this world produce sickness, disease and death to the soul, but he who drinks of the water that Christ shall give him shall live throughout eternity. Yet how few are drinking from this fountain! It is a humble place. Like the publican, one must prostrate oneself before the Son of God in order to partake of these waters. But they give life—life more abundant here and in the end eternal life. Having once drunk of this exhilarating stream there will be no thirsting for the polluted streams of the world.

There are also springs in the valleys of Montana and other western states whose waters are strongly alkaline. The waters are cool, look pure and good, but they do not sat-

isfy. Often the more one drinks of them the more thirsty he becomes, and by excessive drinking becomes sick. We have heard of a well or spring in the desert whose waters are poisonous. Think of a person's having traveled many miles, weary and thirsty, to come upon what appears to be a good spring of water, and drink of it only to lie down and die. The remains of other travelers and beasts were not sufficient to warn him—he must taste for himself.

Multitudes are drinking from the cups of pleasure and the streams of earth. They hope to gain satisfaction and life, but death is their doom. The dead and dying are lying on every side as silent warnings to partake not, but so great is their desire for something to satisfy their thirst, that they take no heed and drink to the dregs the cup of the world which brings death and destruction.

Reader, if you would escape death and have eternal life begin in you, go to Christ, the true fountain, prostrate yourself before Him confessing your sins, and He will give you to drink of the waters that spring up in the soul and produce joy and gladness which need never cease so long as you obey His voice.

# THE MOUNTAIN LILY

FLOWERS are one of God's great tokens of love to humanity. How their fragrance and beauty have cheered and brightened the lives of the sick and disheartened down the ages! Then, too, they furnish us with many fitting illustrations of God's dealings with mankind in His plans to exalt him to a high position. The pretty pond lily, having its start down in the black mud of the pond, pushes its way above its gloomy surroundings out into the air and sunlight, and presents to us its beautiful flower. So a man, though a sinner and living in the mire of this world, may have the divine life imparted to him and rise above his old haunts and stand out before the world pure and clean through the blood of Christ.

In the Rocky Mountains, unaided by the achievements of modern horticulture, there grows a little flower, which for pure whiteness and exquisite fragrance, cannot be excelled. It is commonly known as the mountain lily. As the rainfall is scant in those parts, it draws its moisture mainly from the dews of heaven,

and unfolds to the world its four, heart-shaped petals in the darkness of the night. Its beauty and fragrance last but for a few brief hours in the beginning of the day, it then turns red and withers away before the morning sun.

The mountain lily may not be induced to grow in the cultivated and well-kept gardens of the city, but here hidden away in the desert place and among the rocks, it thrives. Were you to transplant it and try to make it bloom in your garden, it would fade away and die. Near it may be found growing the cactus and the uncomely and unsavory sage-brush, but unhampered by surroundings, it blooms on, showing the wonderful handiwork of Him who created it.

How well does this flower remind us of some of God's children who live and toil away in some secluded place, yet who are continually cheering the lives of those around them and sending forth sweet incense to God who thus causes them to live and be a blessing. Though living in a sin-cursed world and surrounded by those whose lives are dark and unsavory, they remain pure and spotless, continually showing forth God's wonderful cleansing and keeping power. If we would seek to

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find the highest types of manhood and womanhood, we may not hope to discover them among the cultured and elite of the society and church life of the present day. If we would find true Christian character we would better go to the more humble walks of life where the trials and testings of a life of faith in God are developing the graces of the Spirit in some one whose heart has been cleansed by the blood.

We may go to society and the modern churches to look upon beautiful and richly attired women and to find those who are cultured and polished in manners, but this is all outward adornment and superficial; it is easily distinguished from the manners and bearing that characterize a true child of God.

Owing to its shortness of life and its nature of growing in rocky and secluded places the mountain lily is seldom seen by human eyes, yet it blooms on in praise and glory to Him who is the Creator of flowers and all that is good.

He who would have true character perfected in him is not seen much among the masses, nevertheless he may come forth in due time as did Jesus Christ and John the Baptist, to manifest the power of God to a darkened world, but like them he may have his life

brought to a close by fierce persecutions.

The quickest way to cause a child of God to wither and die spiritually, is to surround him with such environments as the world and modern Christianity think conducive to his growth in grace. Adverse winds and testings of faith are necessary to bring out the best that is in us, and to shrink from the rugged way and follow the way that offers the least resistance, means to become weak and un-Christlike. May God help us to continually abide in an atmosphere that is helpful to the development of the Christian graces.

# FISHING

WITH MANY, fishing is a very delightful pastime; it is also a profitable business when carried on extensively as it is in some of the large rivers and lakes and along the sea coast.

As there are many different kinds of fish, having different habits and subsisting upon different kinds of food, it follows that there are many methods employed in catching them. Then, too, men are different; some like one kind of fishing and some another. Some men will sit on the banks of a stream all day long and feel amply repaid for their day's work if they catch four or five bass, while others must have their large nets and strong lines and hooks and go out into the great waters of the sea and reckon their success by landing hundreds of pounds.

When the writer used to engage in fishing his ecstacy was quite complete if he could visit one of those small Rocky Mountain streams that go tumbling down over granite boulders, and whose banks are lined with willows that furnished a good hiding place from the wily

speckled trout that dart here and there in the cool, sparkling waters. With a small willow rod, a line and a hook, the shining beauties were soon flopping on the bank in sufficient numbers to insure a good meal for the whole household, even though it might consist of a number of hungry cowboys. The inexperienced city chap comes out with his various kinds of hooks, artificial flies, expensive rod, reels, lines, etc., walks up and down the stream in full view of the fish, who become frightened and seek a retreat in some darkened spot. He goes back home again and wonders why he has not been successful.

One of the secrets of catching trout in these clear, shallow streams, is for the angler to keep himself out of sight in casting his hook. It takes some time for the beginner to learn this, but when once learned, he has but to cast his hook upon the waters and a hungry trout is after it, sometimes leaping out of the water several inches in his eagerness to secure the bait.

What a good lesson may be learned by those who would be fishers of men—those who would really catch them on the Gospel hook that they may be landed on the eternal shores, where they will be safe forevermore. If we

"THAT GO TUMBLING OVER GRANITE BOULDERS"

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would catch men and win them for Christ we must keep ourselves out of sight. Some men who claim to be Gospel fishers, by their oratory and strong personalities, are very successful when it comes to having multitudes sign cards or stand up and confess Christ with their lips, but this is not truly fishing—it is not LANDING them at all. They are left in the sea (the world) to mingle with their same old associates, engage in the same business, commit the same sins, etc., as before, and their end is destruction just as truly as though they had never signed a card or joined a church.

If modern preachers would get rid of self, in other words, hide themselves in the blood of Christ, and come before the world, and preach nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified to save men from all sin, there would be less church-joining and card-signing and many would doubtless see their sinful state, count the cost and pray through to salvation and finally reach heaven as a result. But so long as modern revival methods are carried on, Satan need have no fear of losing many of the souls that are traveling the broad way.

"He that winneth souls is wise." As in fishing it takes different tackle and bait to be successful, so in catching men. What appeals

to one does not appeal to another, that is, some phase of Gospel truth appeals to one more than another, and we believe that all men, some time or other in their lives are susceptible to the truth. Preachers may, by their ability and talents, persuade men and women to express a theoretical belief in Christ, and even have them to kneel at the altar, but nothing but God-imparted wisdom, flowing from a heart of purity will enable them to catch souls in the Gospel net. It is of more importance to get one soul safely landed in the narrow way, than to build up a whole church of mere professors who are still living in sin.

Reader, it is your privilege to be a successful fisher for souls, even though you may not be a learned doctor of divinity. The Lord chose the simple and unlearned Galilean fishermen to be fishers of men, and they became real soul-winners, yet like Jesus, they were rejected by the masses, and finally put to death by them. Nothing but the old-time Gospel, preached in the old-time way with power sent down from heaven is sufficient to save the people from endless despair.

# "CALVES OF THE STALL"

LITTLE CALVES are very interesting to look upon, and furnish amusement for all those who have a chance to see them running in the barn lot or out on the prairie. They remind us very much of what one of the prophets said of all those who fear the Lord. He said the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing in His wings, and they should "go forth, and gambol as calves of the stall" (R. V.). We do not see many people acting this way nowadays, hence conclude there are few people who really fear the Lord. However, there is a company of people we know whom God blesses with such freedom and hilarity that they act very much like calves or lambs at play. When any one becomes free from sin and the cares of this life he will invariably show it in some form of joyful demonstration. Sin, formality and the fear of what others may say and do bind people down. Look, if you please, in a modern church, and among all the large congregation you will not find many acting like a stall-fed calf. What is the reason? The reason is obvious. They do not fear the

name of the Lord. They are hypocritical and deceived. They pretend to love, fear and serve God, but their hearts are far from Him. This is a sad state of affairs, and shows us that we are living in the midst of a people who have forgotten God and have crowded Him out of their lives.

Little calves, like lambs, have enemies to contend with and many of them never live to be large cattle. Perhaps their worst enemy in the animal line is the wolf. Wolves are strong and vicious and often attack large cattle and horses, but if there are plenty of calves or colts around they furnish a very tempting meal for a wolf. If the open prairie or foothills happen to be the grazing-place of the cattle, they are frequently charged upon by the wolves emerging from their covert in the dense timber, when the herdsman is not in sight to scare them off. Most of their work is done under cover of night, but in many instances daylight seems to suit their purpose quite as well.

There is a very painful process that little calves in the West have to go through. They have to be branded or marked. This is done by first catching them by throwing a lasso over their heads which causes them to jump, bellow

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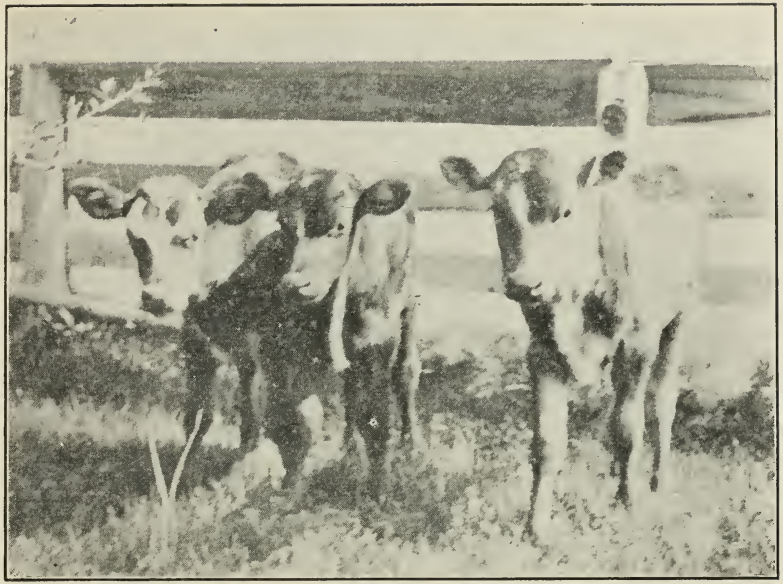

"CALVES OF THE STALL"

and make desperate efforts to free themselves from its galling coils. By means of another rope on their hind feet they are thrown, and stretched out upon the ground. Thus held fast, a hot iron, bearing the owner's mark, which is one or two letters in monogram or separately, is applied to their side or hip. It of course is not a pleasant sensation for a calf to be thus burned, but the stock-raiser has to do it in order to retain possession of his cattle. You must remember there are many different cattle men, and they turn hundreds and thousands of head out together on the public range, and if it were not for the brand burned into the hide a rancher could not tell what cattle belonged to him. So one man might lose all he had by some one else claiming them and the ownership could not be proved. But the little brand once burned into the skin is there for life, and tells the tale, and the ownership cannot be disputed. Sheep are also branded, but not by this burning process. After shearing time a letter is stamped on them with a wooden stamp dipped in red, black or green paint, which may be easily seen on their coats of white.

Would you believe that the people of this world are branded? Not after the same man-

ner that stockmen brand their sheep and cattle, but they are branded nevertheless. There are many ways in which God's people are marked. It may be their simple manner of dress that distinguishes them from Satan's children. Then again their manner of living, their conversation, their habits and their general character are brands which the Lord has burned into their very beings which cannot be mistaken.

Just so does the devil brand his children. Perhaps you do not believe that the devil has children in this world. Well, he has, and we are sorry to say he is far the biggest owner, too. The Lord said to the Pharisees, "Ye are of your father the devil." But how does he brand his people, you will want to know. The Bible says, "The show of their countenance doth witness against them." That is, the looks on a person's face show whose child he is. Sin leaves its mark and the keen observer need not be mistaken. We once met about a dozen boys on the canal bank. They had walked all the way from N—— B——, a distance of about thirteen miles. They had no doubt run away from home unbeknown to their parents. It was not necessary for any one to tell us whose children they were. We could tell by the brands that were

on them. Sin, hardness and cruelty were plainly stamped on their faces. Some of them were smoking cigarettes and swearing which were some of the brands the devil had placed upon them.

Sometimes in the West cattle, horses or sheep are transferred from one man to another. In this case the brands have to be changed. The first brand is "vented," or has a line burned through it which signifies that it is null or no good, and a new brand is put on in a different place. Just so may the children of this world be branded. They may be transferred from Satan's ownership to that of the Lord's by their forsaking sin and being born into the kingdom of God. The Lord will adopt you and remove the marks of sin from your face and make it to shine with the oil of gladness. Reader, whose brand are you bearing to-day? Are you in God's fold or Satan's? "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

# THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP

SEVEN MONTHS had been put in by the foreman and his helper at the summer camp looking after the several thousand head of cattle placed under their charge for the summer season. They had been months not lacking in interest and activity, for the life of a cowboy is a strenuous one, and is usually free from the monotony that sometimes prevails among those engaged in other occupations. As one starts out from the camp in the morning to make the day's ride over the distant hill, past timbered buttes and across rushing streams, the scenes are ever changing, and by the time the limit of the circuit is reached and a number of unbranded calves have been sought out and driven in to await the next branding day, the sun is kissing good-night to the snow-capped peaks in the distance and the day is drawing to a close. Then it is that the weary cowboy welcomes the sight of the rudely constructed log cabin by the creek which is indeed a happy retreat after the long hours spent in the saddle galloping over the hills. Nor does he once wish for the elegant

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IN BIG HOLE BASIN—MONTANA

couch or easy chair to rest himself, but is quite satisfied with sitting on a bench, box or anything that may come handy.

On entering the lot the horses are unsaddled and set at liberty, and after the usual rolling upon the ground, they go trotting off to join the band in the pasture, there to rest and eat grass until their turn comes again, which may be a week or ten days, since there are thirty or forty of their kind in the band to select from for the day's mount, and each must be ridden in its turn.

You have seen the motto, "What is home without a mother?" but here on the plains are young men whose mother's have long since passed into the great beyond, or perhaps live in distant states, and memories of them amid such surroundings are like spectres that flit rapidly by, but do not tarry. But a young man does not live in a cattle country long without acquiring the habit of making the best of his circumstances and environments, and is soon lost to the outside world. He lives in a little world to itself that presents its likes and dislikes, but for the most part he would not change matters, though it were in his power to do so. For here it is that one gets the benefit of nature's pure air, and the daily exercise that one

is accustomed to is conducive to the building up of a robust constitution. And these things, combined with the dangers that are confronted in riding broncos and facing severe storms in the winter, tend to put courage and endurance into a person that are valuable assets in pursuing any vocation, whatever it may be.

On coming in from the day's ride the cowboy lays aside his chaps and spurs and goes about preparing the evening meal just as naturally as he rides a bronco, throws a lariat or pulls the trigger of his six-shooter, nor does he complain if his culinary department is not equipped with all the modern conveniences that may be found in the average city home. So long as there is a stove and a frying pan or two he may consider the kitchen sufficiently furnished, and from the supply of eatables on hand, which at least consists of flour, potatoes and an abundant supply of fresh beef, together with the little necessaries to make them palatable, a substantial meal is soon on the table, to which the hungry knights of the range are not slow in doing justice.

The fall round-up is a time of special interest to all concerned, for then it is that the stockmen who have cattle on the range that is to be ridden, send riders to look after their in-

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ON GOOD PASTURE

terests, and cowboys who have been engaged in other sections of the country during the summer season, meet and ride together for a week or ten days, or until the work of gathering in and separating is accomplished. On each day trips are made to different points of the range within a limited distance, and by agreement, the cattle are brought to one locality where they are "bunched" and the work of separating carried on according to their brands, those bearing a certain brand being cut out and put in a herd together, and afterwards taken to the ranch of their owner for the winter. Each day's round-up is usually made on or near the ranch of the stockman possessing the most cattle, and the various other brands cut out from the main herd.

How well does this work illustrate to us the gathering together of the people of the earth at the great Judgment! "For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ," and give "account for the deeds done in the body." It was necessary that the cattle be searched out from their secluded retreats in the mountains and valleys and from the cover of the timber, and that they all be brought to the round-up and have their ownership made known, that they might be taken to their own

place for the winter. Just so will all nations and peoples be gathered to judgment before the great throne, and those bearing the image of Christ shall be parted to the right and those bearing the mark of the evil one shall be placed on the left. Then shall it be said to those on the right, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," but it shall be said to those on the left hand, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Notice that this scripture says that these two places are *prepared* for their respective classes of people and we naturally infer that the people are being prepared in this life for one or the other of the places. Will not this be a sad round-up for the multitudes of earth who have failed to do the will of God and have lived for their own pleasure and for worldly gain? But on the other hand, think of the blessedness and everlasting joy that will be the lot of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb and on whom can be found no trace of sin.

It was at the camp shown in the illustration, that the writer, as foreman of the herd, partook of his last Thanksgiving dinner pre-

vious to his entering the Lord's work. And you may wonder what kind of Thanksgiving it was. We are sure that not many of our readers ever spent such a Thanksgiving, yet its principal feature, that of eating, did not differ materially from the Thanksgiving Days spent by the multitudes in our cities and hamlets, though the meal of course, was lacking in those tempting viands that are had in abundance at the elegant dinners of the well-to-do in the cities. However, it was a deviation from the usual fare for cowboys while engaged in work on the range, and we daresay was no less enjoyed than many a Thanksgiving dinner partaken of by our city friends. The day was not spent as a holiday, for there had already been several snowstorms, and feed on the range was getting short and we could afford to lose no time in getting the cattle into the large field surrounding the camp, preparatory to starting them on the fifty mile trail home. Just as the young men were adjusting their chaps and making ready to start on the day's ride, some one broached the subject of what would be had for the Thanksgiving meal. There was no lack for the finest cuts of beef as we have said, and within a stone's throw of the cabin ran the creek where a good angler

could in an hour's time catch enough mountain trout to satisfy all. Had prairie chicken or mountain grouse been wanted they could have been obtained within a radius of a mile or two, provided luck did not fail us with the shotgun. But these things had become commonplace and everybody was in favor of a change for this special occasion.

"Are there no turkeys around this part of the country?" was asked by a young Missourian. "Don't know of a single one," answered Scotty. "But," suggested another, "there's a woman on a ranch about two miles from here that's got a mighty fine lot o' hens." Enough said, and orders were given for one of the number to ride over to buy a sufficient number of the fowls and on returning, remain at the camp and prepare the meal. Cowboys have no fixed hours for eating except it be the morning meal, so when the ride is ended and the cattle gathered during the day are placed in the field, a grand rush is made for camp. On this occasion they arrived about four o'clock, and the cook who had been casting occasional glances out toward the big gate about a mile off, had espied them coming and began to make ready the table, and with the assistance of the foreman, who had come in,

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THE CAMP

the meal was soon on the table. There were no white linen tablecloths or napkins, nor china and cut-glass ware, but the absence of these commodities was hardly thought of by any one present. The covering of oilcloth and the plates of tin were considered sufficient furnishings, and no regrets were prompted, but every one showed his complete satisfaction by the manner in which he disposed of the victuals. The cook received his share of compliments in the meantime, and soon the table was cleared away and all gathered round the big heating stove in the adjoining room to talk about cattle, broncos, etc.

We step to the door and an impressive scene greets our eyes. We stand at the corner of the section and a half of fenced land, the round-up is over, the vast number of cattle are before us in the field, literally covering every acre of the one thousand within the fence, their dark color standing out in bold relief against the snow-covered foothills in the background. Soon the shadows of evening are casting their gloom over mountain and plain and the scene is lost to view. But on the still, night air comes the sound of tramping and lowing cattle, the sharp yelp of the coyote is heard on a neighboring knoll, while in the distance we

catch the deep, stentorian howl of the gray wolf taking up the refrain as he calls to his followers to join him in making a raid on the cattle for their evening meal. Such is the music of the western plains. The night is on and another Thanksgiving Day has passed into oblivion.

Those days are gone and six years have elapsed and a distance of two thousand miles separates us from these haunts, yet memories of them occasionally flit past our mind, and we are tempted to throw out our lasso and bring them a little closer and invite them to stay. We would cherish them as silent communications with nature—as times of meditation with ourself and God, for here it was that the Lord talked to us and showed us the necessity of spending our life wholly in His service. And does it not seem strange that the Lord should pick out one from among the companionship of thoughtless and worldly young men and put an almost irresistible pressure upon him that would cause him to leave a vocation that seemed so agreeable to his nature and pursue one so widely different? Such is the love God has for men that He seeks them out from the remotest corners of the earth, and such is the power of the Gospel to change a person and

make him content to follow whithersoever the Lord leads. We had no real thanksgiving in our heart at that time. Like Israel in Babylonian captivity who had hung their harps on the willows, we had no song of praise.

Multitudes at Thanksgiving time work and plan in order to provide tempting foods to indulge their appetites, and gather together in companies to celebrate the nation's thanksgiving, but after all, how little there is of the true thanksgiving spirit manifested! How few hearts are overflowing with gratitude to God for His great mercy in sparing their lives, and for the wonderful provision He has made for the salvation of men! There is often much feeding of the physical man, yea, there is surfeiting, but the soul in myriads of cases goes without the real bread and water of life. The observance of feast days among God's ancient people was a time of special devotion, and the presence of Jehovah was wonderfully manifest, but in our day God is not in the thoughts of the multitudes who gather to make merry and to eat and to drink. Would that some who read these lines might be led to the banqueting table of the Lord and partake to their fill of the heavenly manna and of the wine of the kingdom until they would have a real

thanksgiving in their souls. Remember the round-up to which you are rapidly being driven on the wings of time, and where you will be parted to the right or the left and receive your sentence. But let those who are following the Lord rejoice evermore that their sins are blotted out and their names are written in heaven.

# GUARD THE WEAK PLACES

SURROUNDING the summer camp was a large field comprising a couple of sections of nice meadow land which was kept in reserve each season for late fall pasture as the cattle were being rounded up. One day in September as the two cowboys in charge of the herd were coming over the hill from the day's ride, an unwelcome sight met their eyes. The feed on the outside range was already becoming short and the cattle traveling along the outside of the large field of luscious grass had at last discovered a weak place in the fence and no less than 2,000 head had found their way into the field. The riders took in the situation at a glance and were not long in rounding them up and starting them toward the opening, but it is needless to say they were quite reluctant to travel freely in that direction. However, they were soon on the outside, but everywhere they had been, the once tall and waving grass was trampled flat, and much of it, of course, had been carried out with the herd.

Having once tasted of the grass within the field they preferred to remain there

rather than rustle for a living on the well-nigh barren prairie without. Therefore they refused to go away, and for several days crowded round the place where they had gotten in. Though the fence was strengthened, some of the more presistent ones succeeded in forcing an entrance, and where one animal goes on such occasions, others are sure to follow. Thus did a large number repeatedly get in and it became necessary to thoroughly reinforce the fence and drive the cattle off to another part of the range. Yet withal the fence had to be watched closely for several days, for they were wont to return and seek an opening.

Thus it is with sin and its work of destruction upon the human race. The boy or girl, under the influence of God-fearing parents, goes through the period of childhood and youth with a character that is unmarred by sin, and gives promise of bringing forth fruit unto righteousness.

But in course of time and in an unguarded moment, sin enters and begins to destroy all that is good. Perhaps it is discovered and its presence in the life is deplored. Strenuous efforts are employed to eliminate it, and it is probably overcome for a time, but it ever lingers near. The weak place once discovered by

Satan has been made weaker by the first entrance of sin, and the wall of defense is repeatedly attacked and broken down until deep inroads into the moral character are made. The life where the fruit of the Spirit previously flourished is laid waste, and the once pure and beautiful character trampled and polluted by evil spirits.

Oh the multitudes of young men and women whose characters might have remained untainted by evil habits and whose countenances might have been kept unclouded by guilt had they been watchful and called upon God to keep them from the evil and to guard them against the onslaughts of the destroyer of all that is good.

Some distance farther up the valley were other large fields and ranches that belonged to the cattle company. They had once been the homes of individual ranchers and had in years past been irrigated and well cared for and made to produce large stacks of hay of an excellent quality. The buildings and fences had at one time been kept up and everything presented a neat and prosperous appearance. But these places had been purchased by the cattle company largely for the purpose of gaining control of more summer pasture, and they

made no effort to keep the fences up or to preserve the buildings. Consequently everything had practically gone to ruin. The fences were no longer sufficient to turn the cattle, but they could enter at a score of places and from every side at will. In former years during the summer season the grass reached a height of two feet or more in some of these fields, but at the time we have in mind hundreds of cattle fed there and it scarcely reached two or three inches. The irrigating ditches that had once run to overflowing with life-giving water from the mountains were no longer looked after and had grown up with weeds and become filled with rubbish. Buildings that once sheltered the family and had been the place called "home" by various ones, had long since lost their claim to being the abode of man. Windows were broken out and doors torn from their hinges and the cattle frequently came in to shelter from the storm. Wood rats and other unclean animals and birds of the field made their homes there and desolation and uncleanness had become the order of the day.

What a picture this is of the cities and nations that have been laid waste because of sin and upon which the curse of God has fallen! In the Bible we read of the magnificent city of

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THE DAY HERDER

Babylon, a large part of which consisted of beautiful parks and gardens. Its walls were 56 miles in circumference, 335 feet high, 85 feet wide, but God's curse fell upon it, His prophets foretold its desolation and wrote its doom in the Book. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures: and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged" (Isa. 13:19-22). All this came to pass and the ruins of the city may be seen to this day as an example of God's displeasure on sin.

As it is with cities and nations, so it is with individuals who bring the displeasure of God upon their lives. Many have flourished and been prosperous for a portion of their lives and have manifested traits of Christian

character, and have possessed the fruits of the Spirit; for a time they may have kept their house in order and guarded against the entrance of everything that would destroy. But at last they became neglectful and failed to watch and pray as they should. The evil lurking without seized the opportunity, and sin with its blasting influence entered and began its deadly work, and it was only a matter of a little time until everything was laid waste, and the soul became like a deserted place, overrun by evil beasts.

There are lives about us everywhere that have been made barren and fruitless; there are characters that were once strong and courageous and able to withstand any attack of the enemy, but are now weak and vacillating; faces that once had the upward gaze and reflected the image of Christ, but now sad and downcast; souls that were once watered through channels flowing from the stream of life, but now dry and desert. Oh the human wrecks, and lives that produce nothing that is good that may be seen on every hand in the land to-day! To find those who are keeping up the fight against sin is a difficult matter. Christ is crowded out and the hearts of men have become the abode of unclean spirits.

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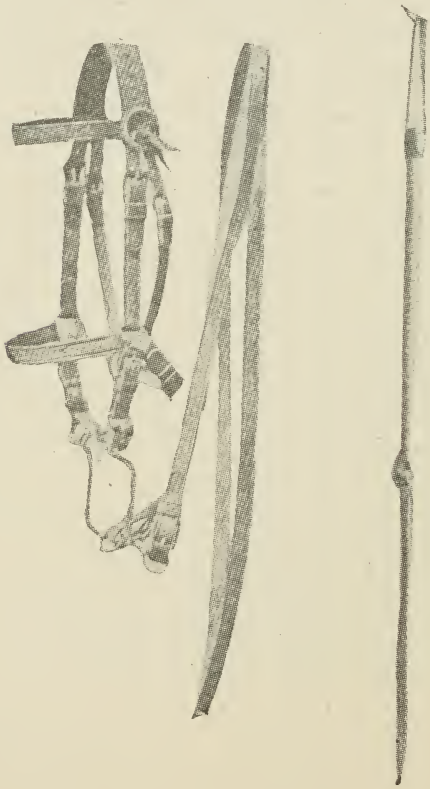
Christ came to turn the desert of the human heart into joy and gladness and to set the captive free; to make the weak strong and the blind to see; to heal the sick and to lift up the fallen; to make the crooked straight and to build up that which is broken down; to separate the precious from the vile and to dispel the darkness and gloom. And what more? "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And what more? "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." And what more? "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." And here is the invitation: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

How great a mischief one unguarded point may cause us! One wound may destroy the body, and one sin will destroy the soul. What must the end be of those who fail to guard their lives against sin and call upon the Lord to save them from destruction. There is only one remedy for sin, and that is the blood

of the atonement. Man's only hope is in Christ. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."



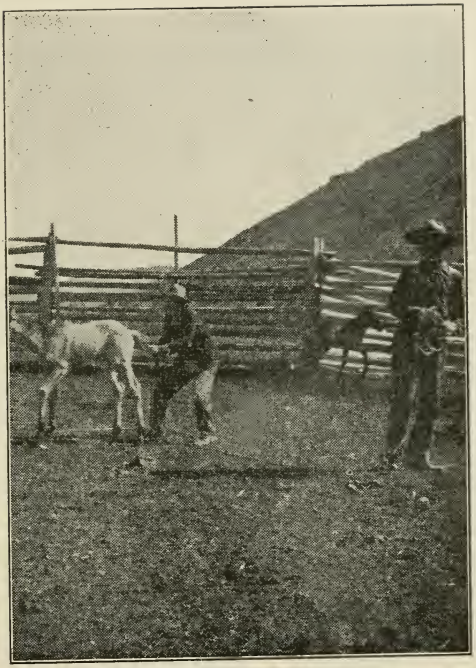
# LITTLE THINGS

THE FOLLOWING PICTURE brings to mind an incident that once happened when we were helping round up and corral wild horses in the West. In company with a number of young men, we had driven a large band of horses into a corral and were separating them. There were many little colts among them and one of these had run up into a narrow chute where he was not wanted. He was only a little fellow and one of the young men thought to remove him by taking hold of his tail and pulling him back, when lo, quick as a flash his heels flew up and struck the man square in the mouth. It is needless to say that it was not a pleasant sensation. He did not blame himself for his own folly, but was very angry at the colt, who was only trying to defend himself.

Now the point we want you to notice is this, the Bible says something about little foxes that spoil the vines. It is often little things in life that people do not notice that lead to the most trouble. This young man

would never have thought of taking hold of the tail of one of the large wild horses, for he would have expected to receive a severe kick which might have resulted in broken limbs or perhaps the loss of his life. So it is with men. Little sins and misdeeds are like little colts that appear harmless, but when indulged in they never fail to leave their sting. You would not think of going out and doing some terrible deed that would cause you to be put in jail or to be punished severely, yet you do many things that appear to be small, but remember that the smallest sin or act of disobedience is very dangerous and will leave a wound upon your soul that will cause you suffering and may never be healed.

Remember the text, "Little foxes spoil the vines," and destroy the tender grapes, and just as this young man had his mouth injured by the kick from the little colt, so may some little bad habits that you indulge in, ruin your character and blight your whole life. Little colts become large, strong horses and when wild it is sometimes hard to bring them under control. Just so do little sins become enormous evils until it is almost impossible for one to overcome them when once they have gained a headway in one's life. Therefore the wise



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thing is not to meddle with anything that has the least appearance of evil and then your whole life will be blest and you may build up a character that Jesus will be pleased to look upon.

Another thing we notice about colts is that their ownership is known by the brand they bear. Just so are people known by certain marks about them. Sin leaves its mark and shows plainly that one belongs to Satan. But through the blood of Jesus you may have the sin stains washed from your heart and the outward marks will gradually disappear, you will take on the likeness of Jesus and everybody will know that you are His child. Come to Him now and let Him make you His own.

# SHEEP AND THEIR SHEPHERD

WHEN the learned men of the world essay to reveal some valuable scientific truth they often do so by using language and terms that are difficult of comprehension by the illiterate and simple-minded. When Jesus wished to teach His disciples, and the world, the mysteries pertaining to the kingdom of heaven, He chose the most simple illustrations, bringing into use the things of nature—the cattle, sheep, the mountains, grainfields, etc., avoiding entirely the "traditions of men," and things hard to be understood. His lessons embraced the most vital subject that ever engaged the mind of man—eternal life,—yet by His simple methods of conveying the truth, the little child, if he obeys the voice of God, may be made to understand the things of eternal import.

Perhaps no other lesson impresses us more and helps us to understand our relationship to God better than that of the sheep and the shepherd. When we note the timidity, and harmlessness, as well as the defenseless nature of sheep, we see how dependent they are upon

a good shepherd to guide and protect them and provide food and shelter for them. Being of a roving disposition, they wander over the plains and hills not knowing where to go or when to stop and return to the fold. Hence, without a competent shepherd, they would soon become scattered and driven with the storm or torn by wild beasts.

He who is acquainted with the sheep industry in all of its phases as it is carried on by the stockmen of our western states would be at a loss to know how to handle a small flock in the Oriental land according to eastern methods. The western herdsman has anywhere from two to five thousand head to manage. He has a small tent pitched on the prairie or in a ravine which is surrounded by good pasture. His pasture may consist of the many miles of open prairie or rolling mountains surrounding him on all sides and extending in any direction as far as the eye can reach. His "fold" may be an open corral, or oftentimes not even this, but only a "bedding-ground," where the sheep lie down for the night. With no better protection than this, the herder is often aroused during the night to scare off the hungry beasts that seek their lives. At the break of day they begin to scatter in almost

every direction, feeding as they go, but the shepherd with the aid of his dogs sees that they all keep drifting in one direction. Here the sheep do not follow the shepherd, but he follows them, turning them if they should go in a direction contrary to his will. When they have gone far enough for the day they are turned that they may feed back in the direction of the camp, and reach it by night-fall.

The herder's life, as a rule, in this country, is one of monotony. If it happens to be in the spring of the year when there are many lambs in the flock, their continual bleating is music with few variations in it and is entirely void of strains that are pleasing to the ear. Thus from day to day and from week to week this solitary life is lived by many on our western plains. With the exception of the "camp-tender" who makes his regular visits at intervals of ten days or two weeks his life is entirely void of human companionship. With glad expectancy does he watch for the familiar team to bring him a new supply of provisions, a few newspapers, a letter or two, or salt for the sheep. Or perhaps his pasture is getting short and he is anxious to have his camp moved to a better locality.

Yet with all its disagreeable features, we have often thought whether such a life could

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Sheep Ranch
Dillon Montana

not be productive of much good by the way of self-improvement. David was a shepherd boy, and through his devotion to God and his diligent application he became qualified to shepherd the whole Israelitish nation, becoming king by appointment from God. Had he not overcome by slaying the wild beasts that attacked his sheep he would have been of little worth in combating the giant that defied for so long the hosts of Israel. Thus do we see the importance of making the best of our opportunities. Whatever may be the task at hand, be it ever so menial, we may not hope to rise to a higher plane until we have done well that which has been given us to do. In the warm, pleasant days of summer, when the sheep are halting at the brook-side for their noonday rest, what an excellent opportunity for the herder to improve his mind and increase his store of knowledge by devouring the contents of a good book, such as the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress or others we might mention. Then again one might commune with nature and call upon God with no human voice or other discordant sound to distract his mind. Time would fail us to tell of Abraham, Jacob, Moses and other great characters of Bible fame, who received wonderful revelations from God and were taught great

spiritual lessons while working as shepherds.

Let us contrast some of the Oriental customs of tending sheep with those of our homeland that we may better grasp the truths this lesson is intended to convey. In the tenth chapter of John and the third verse we read, "The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." It was the custom for the flocks of a considerable district to be kept in one fold, and each shepherd had his sheep named, so that he had but to call them out from among the others each morning as he took them to the pasture or common range. He did not drive them, but he led the way and they followed. When danger affrighted they ran to him for protection. We can better see how this naming and calling-out process might be practical when we consider that each flock consisted of but a few sheep, perhaps less than a hundred, yet we read of some of the flocks' being managed this way that numbered as high as four hundred. However, so accustomed were the sheep to the shepherd's voice that they had but to hear him speak and they obeyed immediately.

A SHEPHERD'S TENT

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By this eastern custom we get a truer conception of our relationship to our heavenly Shepherd. Christ loves us as individuals, calls us by name and leads the way beside pleasant streams and prolific fields, that we may not hunger or thirst. Notice that He does not drive us, but leads us gently. He is always present to hear our prayers and grant us aid when we call upon Him. But if we would be the recipients of His blessings we must obey His voice and follow where He leads, otherwise we imbibe a roving disposition and go running over the world seeking satisfaction and finding it not.

When the enemy of our souls is roaring without, our only safety is to keep following our Shepherd.

"I know not where I am going,
But well do I know my guide."

May we be trustful and obedient to His voice that no danger may befall us while making this journey to heaven.

# A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS

MANY of our readers whose knowledge of the sheep industry is limited to the fifteen or twenty head possessed by the humble farmer would be overwhelmed at the sight of some of the vast flocks belonging to the ranchers of the West. In Montana, Idaho, Utah and other states, it is no uncommon thing to see from two to five thousand head in one flock scattered over the mountain-sides and broad plateaus, guided and watched over by a single shepherd and his faithful dogs.

No other industry, except it be that of mining, has brought such rapid returns and untold wealth to its devotees as that of wool-growing. With free and apparently unlimited range in many localities, men have amassed fortunes in a comparatively short time.

Though the price of wool is subject to fluctuations the same as other staple products, the steady and increasing demand for this article of commerce, has kept the price at such a margin that the wool-grower has been well justified in choosing this means of accumulating material wealth.

DRIVING SHEEP THROUGH A CHUTE

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While men make fortunes at this business, it requires great labor, watchfulness, hardships and sacrifice on the part of those who have charge of the sheep. During the cold, stormy days of winter some one has to follow them over the mountains and through the valleys where they subsist on the scant supply of grass left from the preceding summer. In the extreme northwest many herders as well as sheep have perished when sudden and severe storms have overtaken them.

Aside from inclement weather, sheep have many enemies with which to contend. Among their most common foes are the wolf and coyote, which often emerge from their hiding places in the woods or from among the high sage brush and pounce upon the unsuspecting sheep while the herder is doing duty at some distant point. Or perhaps at night-time when the flock is lying quietly in the fold, and the shepherd asleep, these shy and bloodthirsty creatures come prowling around, jump the fence and begin their work of killing sheep. They do not always kill to satisfy their appetite for food merely, but will often enter a fold and kill a number of sheep, apparently for the sake of killing.

Last, but not least of their enemies is a

disease called "scab." This is a very contagious disease, and when one gets it, the whole flock is in imminent danger of becoming infected. So infectious is this disease, that sheep driven over a range where scabby sheep have grazed, perhaps weeks before, will become infected. This disease is mostly confined to the skin, and is very noticeable, inasmuch as the wool—that for which a sheep is most valued—drops off, and he is left without protection from the blasting winds of winter. The disease, however, may be checked and ultimately cured by dipping in a chemical preparation for this purpose. This is expensive, and when of necessity done in cold weather, often proves fatal to many of the sheep.

While we have mentioned a few of the disagreeable features and probable losses connected with sheep raising, those who do not make it a success are comparatively few. Yet men fail in this and they fail in other vocations. Some men are failures anywhere or at anything they may choose. You ask us why; we answer, "Because Gods hand is against them." Somewhere, sometime, He put His hand upon them and called them to be shepherds for Him, but they refused, and since that time His power and His wrath have been against them.

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(See Ezra 8: 22.) Not only does God withhold prosperity from those who turn their backs upon Him, but He allows sickness and disease to enter their homes in order to awaken them to the peril their souls are in.

In the Bible much is said about sheep and shepherds. God compares His people to sheep, and His preachers to shepherds. In days of old there were false shepherds and true shepherds. At different epochs the children of Israel were led by such men of faithfulness and sagacity as Moses, Joshua, David and others. Under their leadership and protection they worshiped God, and had victory over the heathen nations about them. Nevertheless false shepherds who cared more for the fleece than they did for the flock, were much in evidence. The sheep became scattered because there was no true shepherd, and they became meat for all the beasts of the field. They wandered through all the mountains and were scattered upon the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them. Read in Ezekiel 34 of the awful condition which then existed.

There are many false shepherds in the land to-day. They have not bound up the wounded; they have not fed the hungry on the

bread from heaven. Greedy for filthy lucre, they have taken the fleece and left the flock to perish and be devoured by the beasts of sin. The retribution these false shepherds will suffer at the hands of an angry God is beyond comprehension. Our prayer is that our readers will listen to the voice of the true Shepherd and seek the fold which He has prepared for them.

# THE RICHES OF EARTH

FOR EVERY BEAST of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine. * * The world is mine, and the fulness thereof." In noting this scripture we get an idea of the great wealth of God in material things and of the abundance of His possessions. All the wealth of the world is His, yet it is not to be compared to the wealth in spiritual things that He bestows upon His children. The wealth of the world is ever on the increase and the cost of living becomes higher and higher, hence greed and avarice are on the increase, and many are being consumed on every hand by these evils. Men take pride in their worldly possessions.

We cast our eyes over the broad prairies of the western states and we see cattle in every direction and often as far as the eye can reach. They bear certain brands and men point to them and say, "These are my cattle," but God says, "They are mine." When we consider these vast herds of the mountains and plains,

together with the combined numbers on the farms scattered throughout the length and breadth of this vast country, we have numbers beyond estimation, yet this is but a small percentage of the wealth of the world. And it all belongs to God. The gold and the silver in the mines and banks are His, yet men are ever clamoring to gain possession of these things, which in a moment of time may be wrested from their grasp and they be left empty-handed.

A striking illustration of the suddenness with which riches take their flight occurred a few days ago in New York City, when an aged couple were robbed of $1,000, which represented their life savings. They had sold their little farm in Wayne county and had come to the city for the purpose of boarding a steamer for Holland, their native country, where they expected to live out their remaining days. Though the man was seventy years old and the woman sixty-eight, they seemed to have gained but little knowledge of the wickedness of the world and became an easy prey to bunco men. At the station the two quaint travelers attracted considerable attention as they went about arranging for the transportation of their baggage. Soon they were ac-

costed by a gentlemanly looking stranger who volunteered to look out for their belongings. He then invited the old couple to have luncheon with him. By his kind attention the young man soon gained the entire confidence of the unsuspecting pair, insomuch that the farmer urged him to carry his satchel containing the $1,000 for him so that it would be safe. After luncheon the stranger excused himself and disappeared. Of course he carried the money with him and the old man was left empty-handed, but wiser. Wiser men than he, with brighter prospects for the future have had their hopes shattered in a moment of time by the sudden loss of earthly goods.

When men do gain control of earthly substance they have to use every precaution in order to retain it, showing the greed and dishonesty that abound in the land, and really man possesses nothing in material things that he is not in danger of losing. The strongest bank in existence may be robbed or destroyed by fire or earthquake. The stockman of the West must have all his animals branded with a hot iron or he will lose them. Even then the country abounds with those who are so daring and full of greed that they do not hesitate to alter or disfigure a brand belonging to

another, or if it is beef that they want, they think little of butchering another's steer and destroying the hide. But invariably their sin finds them out sooner or later, and if sufficient proof is not produced to bring them to justice, they go through life branded as thieves and robbers to await their sentence at the hand of One from whom nothing is hid.

So the whole world is at strife, and nations, corporations and individuals are fighting and contending for earthly things, and the more they get the more they want, and none are really satisfied, though they get that for which they seek. The great command is to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these thing shall be added unto you." This text does not mean that the seeker shall come into possession of vast herds of cattle, or that he will be given a single cow, or that he may have houses and lands deeded to him, but it implies that all things necessary for one's comfort and welfare shall be provided from God's rich storehouse to those who seek first His kingdom and righteousness. "All these things do the nations of the world seek after." This scripture does not say seek the things of the world, and pardon, salvation and riches of grace will be added, but

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A NEW JERSEY COWBOY AND HIS HERD

it enjoins us to do just the opposite. When we see a person devoting all his time and spending his strength and using his talents and ability toward the accumulation of material things, we are perfectly assured that he is not very rich toward God and is not laying up treasures in heaven.

In the face of this command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," is it not obvious that the multitudes of professed Christians and church members are on a side-track and laboring in vain for a crown that comes to naught? People all down the ages have been ruined for time and eternity by the riches of earth and have never realized their folly until it was too late to lay hold on the true riches. It is a true saying of the rich, "They are hemmed round with common misery: they go down to hell without thinking of it, because their staircase thither is of gold and porphyry." The way to torment is the way of ease and luxury, and we only have to look about us in order to see which way the multitudes are traveling. And in one sense it is not an easy way, for riches do not give peace and rest, but they add duties and responsibilities to lives that bring quick destruction. And it is not alone those who come in possession of riches that are ruined by

them. A man may be as poor as a church mouse, but so long as he has a covetous nature and is reaching out after earthly things, he is controlled by this unholy desire and is shutting himself out from the storehouse of grace, the riches of which are far above rubies and diamonds.

Mr. Spurgeon tells of meeting a man in the course of his walks who had lost his legs and was obliged to hobble along on wooden ones. On questioning him he learned that he had been a soldier in his younger days. With a few companions he had one time attacked a party of the enemy and had overcome them, after which they began to load themselves with the spoil. His comrades were satisfied with little, but he began to load himself with as much as he could carry. They were pursued; his companions escaped, but he was overtaken by reason of his great burden and wounded, and only saved his life afterwards by losing his legs. Just so has the pursuit of worldly things robbed men of health, virtue, character, happiness and eternal life all down the ages. Yet men seek it in spite of all God's warnings and the examples that are given us on every hand.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;

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FEEDING CATTLE IN WINTER—MONTANA

and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." True riches do not consist in houses and lands, stocks and bonds, nor in vast herds of cattle, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And when true riches are once possessed they may not be swept away in a moment of time, as are the earthly riches, provided one is diligent in business. If calamity, or distress, or persecution come, instead of being swept away they increase at a rapid rate and richer and richer does one become. Though one be possessed with all the wealth of the world and have not the true riches, he is wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, and at his end his sad condition will be fearfully manifest to three worlds. Would that we could get the hearts of the people won away from the things of time that they might lay hold on the eternal riches and save themselves the torment and everlasting destruction that is sure to come upon them.

# "WOUND UP"

AMONG OTHER THINGS that a cowboy wishes to excel in is the art of throwing the lariat. To be a good "roper" or a good rider insures for one an enviable reputation among one's friends and when at work on the range there are numerous opportunities for the cowboy to show his ability for work of this nature. As with riding, so it is with roping, for one to be expert at either he must practice much and keep unceasingly at it. "He couldn't ride a packhorse," is an oft-repeated expression, and is said of those who have not acquired the ability to ride a bucking bronco, and of one who is unskilled with the rope it is said, "He couldn't rope a post."

There are good riders and poor riders, and there are men who are expert with the lariat and seldom miss a throw, even under difficulties and in cases of emergency their aim and nerve do not fail them, but there are the inexperienced who would have a hard time getting a noose over an animal's head, much less about its feet. Nevertheless, the best and

most experienced men of the range come to grief at times by the unexpected happening, or when in some unguarded moment they allow a fractious horse or maddened cow to get the advantage of them, even though they are, of all men, most enduring, composed and unmindful of danger.

In our illustration the artist has pictured the roping of a steer. While he is "roped" his captor and horse for the moment, seem to be in the worse plight, and are in danger of being drawn over the embankment, entangled in the rope and dragged. A steer weighing 1,200 pounds is a much stronger animal than a horse weighing 900 or a 1,000, and it is only through the dexterous movements of the roper and the horse that the steer is controlled or thrown upon the ground. One of the main points in gaining the advantage of an animal that is "roped" is to prevent its running around the horse and getting him entangled, a thing which sometimes happens and endangers the welfare of both horse and rider. Men have been seriously injured in this way, while there is no doubt but that some have been dragged to their death by infuriated animals in their eagerness to escape their tormentors. A mad steer, or worse still, a mad cow, is not an easy

thing to manage at the end of a lariat, and often turns upon the horse and gores him with her sharp horns, and it sometimes becomes necessary to relieve the situation with the aid of a six-shooter.

On a spring round-up, coming from a day's ride one evening, the men drove into camp a cow with an eight-months-old calf running at her side. They intended to use the youngster to replenish the larder of the "chuck wagon," and when near enough to the desired spot an attempt was made to rope him, but owing to his close proximity to his mother's side, as well as to the poor aim of the man with the rope, the noose intended for him fell on the larger animal, and the calf, for the moment, went free. The man with the rope had caught more than he had bargained for, and her royal highness, already worried to the fighting point by being cut out from the herd and run into camp so unceremoniously, was trying the strength of the rope and saddle cinches, as well as the metal of the horse, while her captor was crying for some one to help him let her go. It is sometimes easy enough to get a rope over a wild horse or cow, but for one to let such an animal go and still retain possession of one's lariat, which may

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WOUND UP

be an expensive rawhide one, usually requires the assistance of another roper. Of course when one is roping animals by the feet he has but to slack his rope and they go free.

In this instance another was not long in getting his rope on the old cow's heels and a tightening of the two ropes stretched her out upon the ground. "Big Dick" was requested to dismount and remove the noose from her neck, which he readily proceeded to do, leaving his horse standing a few yards away. The man manipulating the foot rope was supposed to hold the cow down until Dick got back to his horse, but his desire to see some fun got the best of him and he slackened the rope and let the cow up. In an instant she was after Dick, but being without horns she failed to do more than give him a good scare and a fast run for his horse, which he was fortunate enough to put between himself and his pursuer. She then went bounding across the prairie in search of her doomed offspring, but that night before spreading their blankets upon the ground, the cowboys made their lunch of choice bits of fresh veal broiled over the camp-fire.

A maddened cow with a rope about her neck is like an evil habit that fastens itself upon a man in his course through life. In his

desire for happiness he saunters forth into the world; his affections fasten upon objects that in themselves seem harmless and perfectly manageable, but soon desire increases, and what was first moderate indulgence has become an enormous evil, a soul-destroying habit, and he who was once master of the situation, of himself, finds he is "wound up" by the cords of sin and being rapidly drawn by a force stronger than himself toward the embankment of eternal despair. About us everywhere we see men who are in the embrace of evil habits, and are slowly but surely being drawn to their doom. Many seem to be perfectly oblivious of their danger, while others, awakened to their condition, struggle in vain for the mastery.

What a terrible picture is a man with a conscience stung by remorse, struggling with his sinful habits and finding them too strong for him! The power of God alone can save the wretch from his terrible condition, but if he be destitute of faith, his remorseful agonies will but make him more hopelessly the slave of his passions. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." No man can, in his own strength, quit sin and turn himself loose from habits that have once

fastened upon him. Like the cowboy with the rope on the maddened cow, he must call for some one to help him let go. The quickest way to get the advantage of a wild horse or cow is to rope it by the feet and throw it immediately and "hog-tie" it. There are men who can thus throw and tie a wild steer in much less than a minute. Just as quickly would God have a man to get the advantage over his evil habits and propensities, but owing to the weakness of the flesh, unbelief and infirmities, it often requires months and years for one to down an evil habit that has once had control in one's life. But far better that it should require a long period of time for such a victory than for the evil to run its course and destroy its victim soul and body, which would be the inevitable result if it were not overcome.

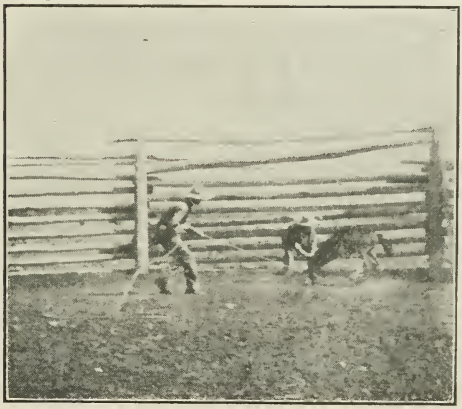
Sin is indulged in without thought of the consequences and when its resistless bands have entwined themselves around its victim, then he awakens to find it is too late to make his escape. Therefore the only safe way is to flee every form of sin and worldly pleasure, and dread contact with it as one would the most deadly serpent. It is the sudden stopping of the little cow pony and the planting of his feet that throws the fleeing steer upon the ground.

Just so will a man's determination to live righteously and his resistence against evil down it in his life and enable him to be an overcomer and victor on the battle-field of this world.

God created men to be free, the master of themselves, but "he that committeth sin is the servant of sin," and no man can call himself free who gives way to smoking, drinking, gambling, or any form of evil. He who does not down the evil propensities within him will eventually become their bond-slave, and will receive the wages of sin, which is death.

Reader, what is your condition to-day? Stop a moment and think. That pleasure, that pastime you indulge in so frequently that affords you but momentary pleasure, is the beginning of an enormous evil that will soon control your whole life and wreck you soul and body for time and eternity. Cease to do it before you reach that awful state of remorse that men come to and cry for deliverance only to find that they have gone too far and the gulf has opened to receive them. To you who are struggling for deliverance from evil habits we want to say there is hope—you may be free from every task-master and have every cord loosed. But you must cry to Him who alone is able to down the evil in your life. He will

make you a free man and put within you a song of deliverance. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."



# THEY SEEK A COUNTRY

IN ALL AGES people have been on the move, seeking new countries, better climatic conditions and more congenial surroundings that they may labor and enjoy prosperity in material things. In the course of centuries a country's resources often become apparently exhausted, and there seems to be little for the increasing population to devote their time and energies to, or perhaps a new country has just been discovered which offers better advantage for obtaining a livelihood. The news is heralded back to the home country by those who have gone on before, and the result is many of the people change their place of residence with the hope of bettering their condition.

In the year 1849 when gold was discovered in California and the news reached the eastern states, there was no hardship but what the people were willing to endure in order to reach the land of gold. With dreams of precious nuggets and great wealth haunting them, the men hitched their oxen to their "prairie schooners" and started on the long and peril-

ous journey, many of them leaving their friends and loved ones behind never to see them again. Others took their families with them only to be murdered by the cruel and bloodthirsty Indians.

However, many reached the coveted land, and not a few came in possession of great wealth. So it is to-day. Everywhere people are on the move, seeking for better conditions of living. Nearly every ship sailing west across the Atlantic carries a goodly number of passengers who are taking up their residence in the United States. Australia and Canada are also attracting many Europeans. For the most part they have never seen these new countries, hence it might be said they are entering them by faith. Friends and relatives who preceded them a few years previous, have told them of the better advantages which prevail in the United States and elsewhere, and they, of course, believe their reports and come. Some of them leave their wives and children on the other side of the ocean and expect to have them join them within the course of a few months or years.

It seems there is no sacrifice so great, or journey so perilous that men will not make in order to better their condition in this life. Tell

them of a land that abounds in gold and wonderful opportunities and they lose no time in getting on the scene. People are not indifferent to the reports that come from newly discovered gold fields. They at once begin to enquire as to the location, distance, the cost of transportation, etc., to such lands, and soon their hearts are set on going to the new territory.

We want to tell people about another land. Its location is not learned by consulting your atlas, neither does your physical geography describe it in the least. "Ah, but what land is that?" you may ask, "and what book may I read to learn something about it?" That land is the heavenly land, and the book which tells about it is the inspired word of God. Transportation companies are not advertising this land, neither are real estate men offering inducements there, but the Bible is our guide. Perhaps some of you will say, "I want other evidence besides the naked word of God before I will believe in such a place." Very well; turn to the pages of history and we see how holy men and women all down the ages have written of this eternal land where all is complete happiness, and sorrow and trouble are not known. On dying beds God's saints

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PRAIRIE SCHOONER

with faces aglow with an unearthly light, have looked into the very vestibule of heaven, as it were, and beheld things impossible to tell.

Does not such experiences of godly people combined with the eternal word of God convince you of the reality of such a place? What man or woman cannot interest himself in the land above? Multitudes give it but a passing thought. You hear of earthly things and you believe and are greatly interested, but when we tell you of heavenly things you are skeptical and unbelieving. What must your fate be in the end? Surely you will not be carried to a place that you do not believe exists, or hope to get there by taking a route other than that marked out in the guide-book.

To reach this land we take passage on a boat whose escutcheon bears the word "faith," we are borne over the boisterous waves by "faith," and are guided past the treacherous shoals by "faith," and when at last the perilous voyage is over, and we stand at the gates of the beautiful and eternal city, "faith" will be the password by which we enter.

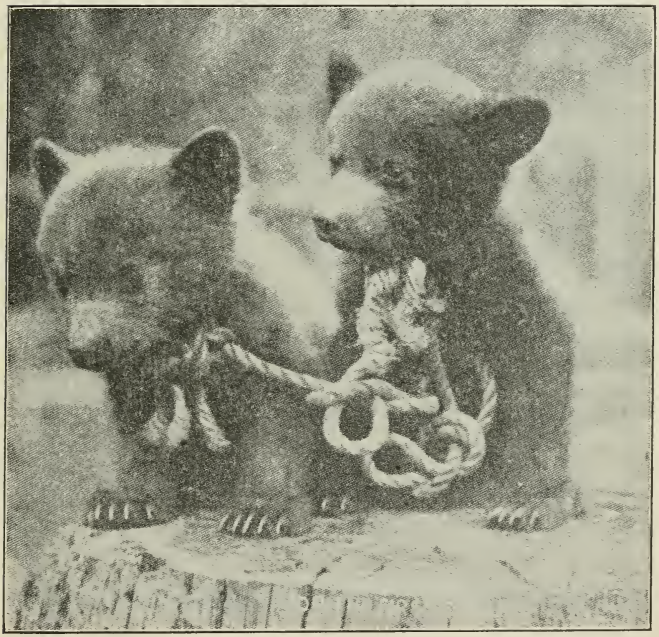
The immigrant officers are very strict in admitting foreigners to the United States. They are subjected to a very close examination and many very searching questions are put to

each one. While many answer the requirements of citizenship, it is often the case that some are rejected and must be returned to their own country. It may be that they are effected with some disease or are maimed in some way. Think of a person's traveling three thousand miles with hopes of entering upon a new era and in a new country only to be rejected and turned back to his old haunts. It is a sad picture, but must be suffered by some.

Imagine your consternation and despair, if you can, on finding at the last great day you are ineligible to enter heaven. You will be met at the gates by One whose shining apparel will dazzle your eyes. His penetrating gaze will pierce your inmost being to the very depths. If there be any disease (sin) lurking within your soul you will be refused admittance. What then? Ah listen! You will be relegated to that place that has been the dumping ground for sinners and unrighteous men and women all down the ages—to that place of utter despair and torment where every ray of light and all hope have vanished forever.

It is comforting to know that we may be prepared and become qualified to pass muster at the quarantine station of the skies and be

admitted to the city, and once inside we will go no more out forever. Reader, the Lord invites you to read His word, yea, He commands you to "search the scriptures" and to make your calling and election sure.



OF THE FIRST FAMILIES

# THE INDIAN

THE accompanying pictures bring to mind the race of people who once roamed the western plains. But long since has their power and liberty been wrested from them by the superior strength and strategy of the white man, and instead of roaming the range at will and preying upon the lives and property of the white settlers, they are now confined to reservations, and number about five millions.

We look upon the Indian in his primitive state, and we marvel at his savage nature, and his apparent low aim in life. With a thirst for blood and a gluttonous appetite for the wild meats of the forest, he seemed content to live and fight, and hunt and die with the hope of going to a happier hunting ground upon parting this life. Little did he care for the furnished homes or cultivated lands of his white-faced brethren, nor did he care to adopt the costumes worn by civilized people, but quite content was he to continue to attire himself in the bright-colored blankets his forefathers had worn from time immemorial.

His ideas of home life reached no higher than a tepee and a few rude utensils which even to the Indians are indespensible to life. Their ponies were their wealth. Without them, life would have been monotonous indeed. They would have been handicapped in hunting buffaloes, which were valued so highly for food as well as for the robes made from their skins. Then, too, a young Indian's chances for getting the girl of his choice depended largely upon the number of ponies he possessed, as it was the custom to buy her in this way from her father. Yet for all this he had little regard for the life of his horse, often treating him unmercifully and riding him up and down hill just as long as he could go.

However, among all races of people there are those whose aspirations are higher and who seem to live in a somewhat different realm from that of their fellowmen. Take Jabez, of Bible history, for instance, we read that he "was more honorable than his brethren." This may be easily accounted for, because he was in the habit of calling on the Lord to keep him from evil. Evidently he got his prayers through, hence this splendid eulogy pronounced upon him. This shows us that a man may rise above his surroundings and achieve something

of worth in the world. The secret lies in getting in the will of the Lord.

So even among the Indians some notable examples of character have been brought before the world. But generally speaking, an Indian is an Indian, and for a man to try to make anything else out of him is a hard task. Take the most promising young man from among his people, if you please, place him in a school in the city, surround him with conditions that are conducive to the highest civilization, let him become cultured and abreast with all the wisdom of the world, and he is still an Indian. Let him return to his own people, and instead of exhorting them to lay aside their barbarous ways, he will drift back to the old manner of living. It will be an easy matter for him to exchange his "white man's clothing" for that worn by his people. Gladly, too, will he exchange the tempting viands of the city life for the more substantial diet of venison, fish, or perhaps roast dog, as the case may be. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but the downward and backward trend will be most fearfully manifest.

But why hold up the Indian as an example of low aspirations, and as one who possesses nothing that would characterize him as being

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YO TENDOY

HIDING FROM THE CAMERA

one of God's creatures? Is it not unjust? Let us come closer home. Go to the highest walks of society, take a look at the so-called Christian church of to-day, if you please, study her collectively and her people individually, observe their wearing apparel, their daily lives, etc. If your spiritual perception is keen and your eyes have been anointed by Jesus Christ, you will find that their cold, formal manner of worship creates in your breast less enthusiasm than an Indian war dance; that the thundering pipe organ and hollow, operatic singing is more repulsive to your ears than the beat of the tom-tom and the lingo sung by the red men. Then too, the wearing apparel, and especially the hats and hobble skirts worn by "up-to-date" women will look far more hideous to the humble child of God than the long string of eagle feathers worn down the backs of the Indian Chiefs.

Considering that all these things are so empty and obnoxious to a Spirit-filled follower of Christ, does it not follow that they are a stench in the nostrils of God? We dare say it makes the angels weep and God himself turn His back on the whole scene, while the devil holds high carnival over his victory.

The Indian, though treacherous and cruel-hearted in his nature, will have far less

to account for in the Day of Judgment than myriads of those of our day who profess to be Christians. The Indian knows no better, the white man does. At the Judgment, people will be dealt with according to the light they have had. Though the white man lives on a higher plane, so to speak, than the savage, he is just as void of spiritual life and has the elements of sin in his heart that will sink him to the lowest depths of perdition on parting this life.

But is there no remedy for the sin and gigantic evils of our day? We say, "Yes," with emphasis. Even an Indian may be transformed and have the Indian nature taken out of him by having the blood of Christ applied to his heart. So can a proud, worldly, lifeless, idol-worshiping church member have the heart changed and become a meek and obedient child of God.

May God help people to see that church membership is not salvation; that outward adornment is not purity of heart—"without which no man shall see the Lord." "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God" (Rom. 12: 2).

# WATCH AND PRAY

IT IS REPORTED that 2,346 deer were killed by hunters in the Adirondacks during the season of 1910. This is not strange, but we are impressed with the fact that a deer has a slim chance for life in this day and age of the world. Though possessed with marked instinct for protecting its life few of them escape the aim of the hunter. However, instances have been cited where a single deer lived in a certain locality for years and by his alertness or superior instinct, escaped his enemies, though hunters often followed his track in the snow for miles. Perhaps no animal is more on the alert for an enemy than the deer and great caution is necessary in order to obtain an effective shot. Yet the cunning hunter spares no pains nor shrinks any hardship in order to secure his coveted prize, and where there used to be hundreds of these innocent creatures hardly a single one can be found.

We are reminded of another hunt that is continually going on in the universe. Satan, the chief hunter is stalking the country in search of prey. For six thousand years he

has been going through the world "Seeking whom he may devour," and he knows his business well. His game is the souls of men and few escape his fiery darts. Multitudes in all ages have fallen before his deadly aim or been taken in his strong nets, and his work of slaughter continues to increase with each succeeding generation. The only way for a person to keep out of range of his guns is to "watch and pray." First, become converted and sanctified that the spiritual eyes may be opened and the ears unstopped that the approach of the enemy may be detected. Reader, "Be not deceived," Satan is on your track. As you go through this world committing sin and disobeying God you are leaving behind a trail that will betray you into the hands of the enemy. Your only hope is to have the marks of sin obliterated by the blood of Jesus and put yourself under His protection. Do it now, lest every opportunity soon be gone from you forever.

Time and chance happen to all. "For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them" (Eccl. 9: 12).

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# MEDITATION

WHAT is meditation? We go to the dictionary and read the answer: "The turning or revolving of a subject in the mind." Happy is the man who meditates upon the works of God's hand and puts his holy contemplation into practice. Any truly successful life is given much to meditation. No great enterprise comes by mere chance, but is the product of meditation and experiment. Meditation of the right sort impels action. It is written of Enoch that he *walked* with God; here is not an idle, but an active communion.

There is far too little meditation and holy contemplation in the world to-day. This is a fast age and everything is running at lightning speed. Electricity and steam have taken the place of the horse, and men are whirled about at a rapid rate and few take time for serious thought. Commercialism has well nigh reached its zenith and men must act quickly if they would keep up with the procession that is bent on obtaining material things. But they keep up only for a moment, their overworked brain and nerves soon suc-

cumb to the strain. They drop out and others take their places only to meet the fate of their predecessors. Perhaps nowhere as in America are the people living at such a high tension. The people of New York City are said to be the most nervous people on the globe. In London where more people live and do business than any other place in the world, one does not see the rushing through life as in the United States, and there are less accidents and loss of life where the traffic is the heaviest.

Satan wants no better way of getting the souls of men than by rushing them through life in pursuit of material things. When once started on the mad rush for gold, pleasure or worldly fame, it is next to impossible to get one to stop and consider his end.

God's people are a meditative people and their thoughts are ever on the things that pertain to God and eternity. Perhaps no other Bible character was so given to meditation as was David, and he was a man after God's own heart. When with the sheep on the hillsides he meditated continually on God's statutes and precepts and declared that His commandments were ever with him. From the lowly life of a shepherd boy he scaled the heights of God's promises and reached the throne. Through

A GOOD VIEW-POINT

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his holy musings he became familiar with His statutes or promises and he put them to the test. He undertook great things for God and expected great things from Him.

If we would improve our lives we must put our meditations into practice. If we wish to be in health we do not sit in the house and breathe over and over again the air that comes to us, but we break away from our prison and seek God's great out-of-doors, and if there be any elevated spots about us we travel thither that we may better inhale the invigorating breeze.

There is something peculiarly fascinating about mountain climbing and the benefits derived from such practice are invaluable to the physical man. The writer lived in the shadows of Pike's Peak for a number of weeks and occasionally went up into the foot-hills, but he was not quite satisfied until he had stood on the summit of this noted mountain. Having made the ascent during the night, we stood on top just at the break of day. We looked toward the east and clouds, dark and gray, and some almost colorless, hung low over the earth and cast their gloom everywhere. But presently streaks of fiery red and gold began to shoot out in every direction and the sun appeared, and what a moment before was dull and

uninteresting shone out in magnificent beauty and we stood in awe at the majesty of the scene. Who could look upon such glorious beauty and not have his mind drawn out in holy meditation and want to live better that he might have a part in God's great plan of redemption and learn more of what lies out beyond? If one remains down in the valley he can see but a short distance and may have but a slight conception of the nature of the country about him. It is good to exercise oneself in reaching high altitudes and secure a view, not only of the things above, but of those below. The vision is unobstructed and things look different. Thus it is with the soul that is in a vigorous spiritual state. He does not merely think upon such holy doctrines as may come into his mind in the regular course of thought, but he gives time to meditation, and exercises daily in exploring fields of truth and in climbing the heights of God's promises. He seeks out the best view-points obtained through truth, and looks back upon the past as well as into the future.

Just as the sun's rising caused the dullness of the clouds to vanish and made them to dazzle the eyes with their beauty, just so does the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His

wings and transform the sinful soul and make it to reflect the image of God. One marvels at such a wonderful change, but such is the power of the Gospel to bring the sinner to repentance, lift him out of the fogs and miasmas of this world and make him a person whom God and the angels are pleased to look upon.

Let not the reader merely think upon holy doctrines and go through religious forms, but let him meditate continually upon the works of God's hands and begin to climb. We may go higher and higher and from each view-point get an idea of what God has in store for those who follow in the way of His commandments. If we travel the way of righteousness unto the end we shall some day stand with Christ on some starry height and gaze upon the glorious views of His kingdom throughout all eternity. The Christian life is one of progress and they who remain as they are from day to day and are not gaining new heights continually are surely in a dangerous condition and traveling the downward path.

As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

# THE STAMPEDE

"AND THE HERD ran violently down a steep place into the sea" (Mark 5:13). "All animals that go in herds are subject to instantaneous attacks of uncontrollable terror, under the influence of which they become perfectly mad, and rush headlong in dense masses on any form of death. Horses, and more especially cattle, often suffer from stampedes; it is a danger against which cowboys are compelled to be perpetually on guard. A band of stampeded horses, sweeping in mad terror up a valley, will dash against a rock or tree with such violence as to leave several dead animals at its base, while the survivors race on without halting; they will overturn and destroy tents and wagons, and a man on foot caught in the rush has but a small chance for his life. A buffalo stampede is worse—or rather was worse, in the old days—because of the great weight and immense numbers of these beasts, which in a fury of heedless terror plunged over cliffs and into rivers, and bore down whatever was in their path."

—*The Wilderness Hunter.*

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THE BUFFALO HUNT

The reader may ask what starts animals on these stampedes that bring sure and swift destruction to every living creature before them as well as to themselves. We have seen a single little calf seized with this peculiar terror, run for miles across the prairie. While asleep in the sage brush a passing band of wild horses started him from his resting place and he followed in their cloud of dust for several miles and when he could no longer keep up with them, he took a different direction and went rushing blindly through wire fences and across ditches as far as we could see him go. Often large numbers of cattle will be grazing in a valley or along the foothills when the sudden appearance of a wolf or a bear from the timber will disturb a few head which immediately take to their heels. Thus terrorized the spirit goes from one to the other and soon a large number are on the move. Then sometimes the sudden approach of a storm or blizzard may start them, and at other times they will start without any apparent cause for alarm.

In the earlier days when the cattle on the plains were of a wilder nature and were herded in greater numbers, stampedes among them were more frequent and when once started it meant death to many of them and endan-

gered the lives of those who were in charge. Different methods were employed by the cowboys in their attempts to stop a stampede, but all efforts were often of little effect. They ride along the forward side of the herd yelling and often firing into the air, and not infrequently shoot down a leader or two with the hope of checking the others. If they can get them to "milling" or circling around, they have a fair chance of checking the stampede. On such occasions a horse sometimes stumbles and falls and the entire herd passes over both horse and rider and they are trampled to death. Like the herd of demon-possessed swine we read about in the Bible that ran over the precipice and were drowned in the sea, the cattle seem powerless to stop. They seem driven by an evil force that is bent on their destruction. On the great herd goes across the prairie, up hill and down hill, through the sage brush and across ravines. Occasionally one stumbles and falls and is trampled to death, but the mass with unabated strength, rushes on, leaving in their wake a cloud of dust. At last a great precipice is reached and the yawning canon is open to receive them. Below are jagged rocks and written on them is DEATH. Those in the lead would stop now, were it in

their power to do so, but it is too late. They pause for an instant, but those in the rear that cannot see the danger as they do, crowd up from behind and preclude any possibility of their stopping, and in great numbers they drop to their doom and pile up in the canon.

Sheep, too, suffer no little from stampedes. Though of a docile disposition, they are exceedingly timid and easily affrighted, and are sometimes seized with sudden fear by a wolf or coyote entering the flock. They seldom make long dashes across the country, but when thus affrighted they crowd against one another and many are knocked down, and not infrequently large numbers pile up together in a ravine or depression in the earth and are smothered.

With the passing of the buffalo and the diminishing of the great herds of cattle in the West, stampedes among animals are almost a thing unheard of, but we want to tell you about another stampede. It had its beginning centuries ago with the human race. In the Garden of Eden all was at first peace and quiet. But that frightful creature, the serpent, entered and beguiled our first parents, and the race was started on the mad rush to destruction, and has gathered momentum with each

succeeding generation. "And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said to Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." Thus it was that sin and disobedience started men toward misery and death. The flood came and from the tranquil surroundings in Eden the race had rushed into the turbulent and boundless waters and all but eight souls were destroyed. Thus was the reign of evil on the earth checked for a period and one stampede of human beings brought to an end, but it was not long until man was again seized with the spirit of evil and all down the ages great multitudes have been rushing headlong over the precipice into eternal night. Here and there an individual or two, or small companies break away, and through the power of God, throw off the spell that possessed them and are saved, but the masses rush on heedless of their doom.

Young men and women living quiet and happy in their homes are often seized with a desire to get out into the world. They give way to their inclinations, throw off the hand of restraint, and are soon lost in the mad rush

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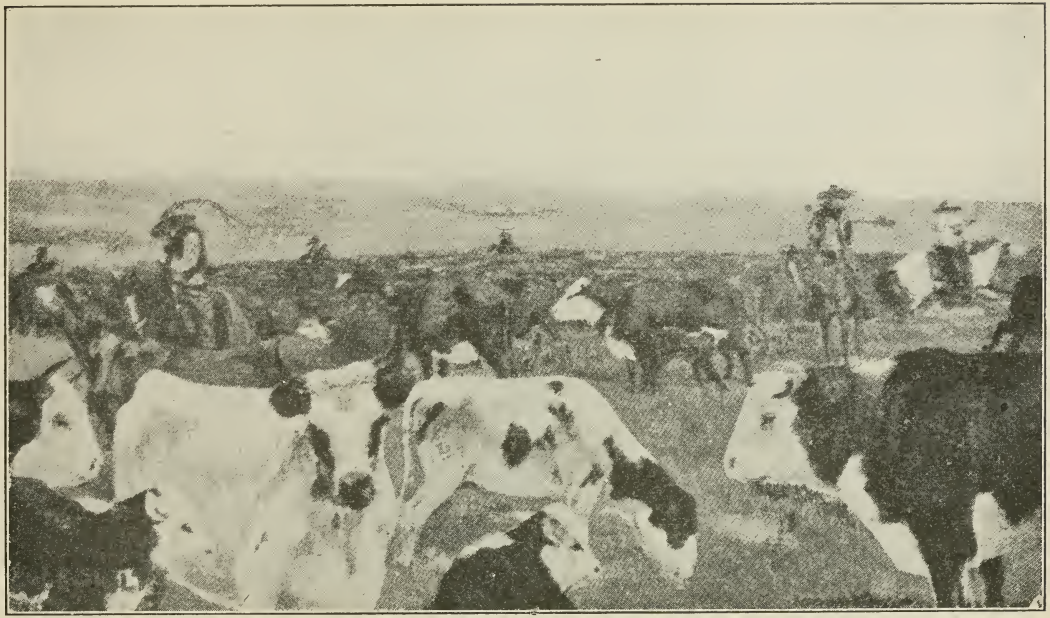


"CUTTING OUT" CATTLE

with those who are already going at a rapid rate. When once in the great company and under the spell, one looks about him and sees everybody going in the same direction and he comes to the conclusion that they are going the right way and will eventually reach a place of safety, that danger has been left in the rear and that all must be well. But instead of escaping danger, he all too soon finds himself at the edge of the great abyss. Fain would he put the brakes on, but it is too late. Like the cattle or buffaloes, he must face the inevitable and be carried over the precipice from whence there is no return.

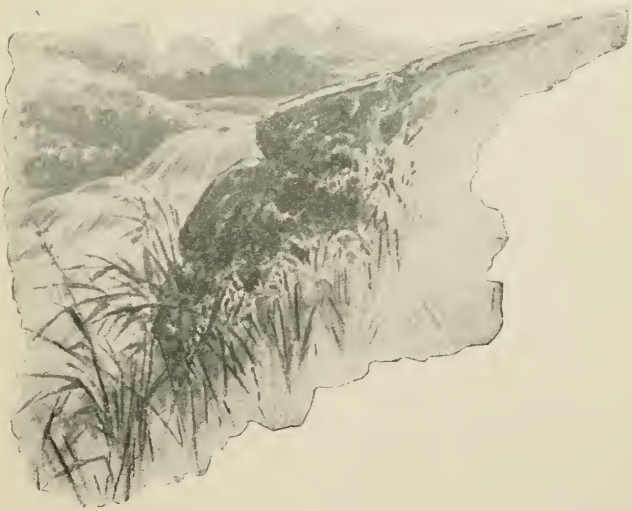
If animals had the power to control themselves there would never have been any such thing as a stampede. When danger threatened they could have escaped it without bringing on a greater danger. So it is with man, perfect self-control will fortify him against becoming swallowed up of the masses whose end is misery. Self-control is a rare virtue and a lack of it is manifested in many ways. This lack is exhibited by the drunkard when he repeatedly partakes of that which is working his ruin and bringing disgrace and misery to his friends and loved ones. It is exhibited by the man or woman who under trial gives way

to his temper and sends forth a volley of angry words and displays the hatred in his heart. Such exhibitions of a lack of self-control are index-fingers pointing to the fact that the one who thus indulges himself is a part of the great stampede whose end is destruction. The power of God alone can help a person to control himself and deliver him from the power of evil that is driving myriads to their doom.

The gentle reader may try to imagine this illustration of the stampede too strong to compare with human beings traveling through life, but can a picture be drawn or language be chosen that will rightly convey to our minds the misery of sin and the horror of its eternal punishment? We say no. Verily the end of the wicked is torment and there is no escape for those who allow themselves to be carried on the tide of sin and worldliness and fail to lay hold on eternal life.

All who are living in sin and have not been converted are in this stampede or mad rush of human beings, and the longer one continues his course the less are his chances for extricating himself and it is only a question of a little time until the awful crash will come. But God, through His Son Jesus, has provided a way of escape for every soul. By the for-

saking of sin and by giving God the preeminence in the life, the power of evil may be broken and one may become fortified against the forces that start one on the mad rush to ruin. Reader, resist evil and lay hold on Him who alone is able to save. Remember that a lack of self-control drives men to the most frightful extremes and ends their lives in misery.



# A COLD RIDE

IT was December, and the many cattle belonging to the —— Herding Association had been rounded up, gathered in from the summer range and trailed to their winter quarters fifty miles distant. When the rounding up had been accomplished and preparations were completed for moving camp, the gates were opened and the cattle set at liberty. Scarcity of feed and prevailing storms had made them restless and they were ready to travel in most any direction. The older cattle having been over the trail before needed little driving when once set at liberty, and started at a steady gait over the trail in the direction of home.

To one viewing the scene from an elevated position a few miles away, the large herd of cattle on the snow-covered earth, appeared to be a large dark spot, which gradually grew smaller and assumed an elongated form as the cattle strung out across the foothills. In due time the last few stragglers had left the field, and the herd of seven or eight thousand head formed a continuous line reaching to the foot of the divide eight miles distant.

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THE TRAIL BOSS

On reaching the hill, the progress of the larger and stronger cattle is slackened but little and they continue on to the top of the divide and down on the other side, and before the break of another day some of them are entering the fields at the home ranch. But the younger and weaker ones come to a halt and it takes some work on the part of the cowboys and their horses to get them over the hill. However, the work is accomplished and the cattle are driven home, separated and put in different fields for the winter, and another season's work is practically over, while the cowboys sit in the bunkhouse on the long winter evenings and relate experiences of riding broncos, roping steers, etc.

But the subject of this sketch was suggested through an altogether different experience. After a fall round-up there are always a few cattle here and there hid away in the timber and secluded corners of the range that have escaped the eyes of the riders. To search out these a single rider, usually the foreman of the herd, makes another ride or two into the snowy mountains. On the occasion in mind he saddled a small roan pony and started out from the home ranch on the afternoon of a cold day. At night time he put up

at a comfortable ranch house thirty miles away. Here he enjoyed the hospitality of friends and appreciated warm quarters for the night. The next day the weather was terrific. The thermometer was not far from thirty below zero, and the wind was blowing a gale and coming from the direction the young man was traveling. Gladly would he have camped at the house and waited for more favorable weather, but such would never do. He was sent out by men who believed in him and trusted him to bring their stock safely in, and to fail might mean the loss of position and reputation.

A twenty mile ride against a strong wind on such a day is not relished very much even by a Montana cowboy. Nevertheless he mounts his wiry little steed and is soon pushing his way against snow and wind up the valley of G——. In less than an hour he is five miles away at the foot of the noted divide. Here a comfortable lodging house offers shelter from the storm, but he must go on. Four miles traveling through deep snow would place him on top at an altitude of eight or ten thousand feet above sea level. The road up the hill has long since been obliterated by drifting snow, but here and there high posts designed for the purpose, mark the way for the traveler. The

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ROUND UP

wind seems to be trying itself, coming directly down the mountain side, bringing the snow with it. One can scarcely look up for a moment, but must battle along with bowed head to shield one's face from the cutting snow. Even the hardy little pony bows his head and would fain turn about and go in the opposite direction. How much easier would it be going down hill with the wind than going up hill against it. Many a time had the rider gone over this same route, but never before had the way seemed so rugged and the top so far away. Now and then he was compelled to dismount and walk for a distance to keep warm as well as to rest his horse. At last the top is reached and the descent of the other side accomplished. Here in the valley a ranch house is reached where a halt for the noon hour is made. What a happy retreat from the storm was the firmly built log house heated by a large stove! One might well enjoy such a place for days and be loath to venture out again.

After partaking of a warm lunch the cowboy pursued his journey and put up at another ranch house for the night, having traveled all day without seeing another traveler. After riding two or three days he sought out a number of head of cattle and returned with them to

the home ranch, and the season's work ended.

Such experiences of battling against the cold and stormy weather are common in the life of a cowboy on the western plains, but this one is cited because it is associated in our mind with experiences that come to a pilgrim traveling the rugged way to heaven and who is searching the cold mountains of a sinful world for the lost and perishing ones that he might save them and bring them to a place of shelter. Ofttimes the way seems exceptionally rugged and the cold winds from a godless world beat fiercely against the Christian. At such times he may be tempted to turn from the way and shirk his responsibility and pursue a course that offers less resistance, but he is reminded of his duty to humanity: he realizes that the perishing ones need his help, and with renewed strength and courage born of heaven, he struggles on. Then again he is impressed that his employer is the King of the universe, and to forfeit His good will and blessing would be ignominious failure and would ultimately mean the loss of all things.

If you would serve God daily and enjoy His blessings eternally, bear in mind that the way to heaven does not lie over brussels carpets, neither is it strewn with roses. The

gentle zephyrs from the heavenly world may play about your fevered brow at times, and the atmosphere be laden with the fragrance of flowers, but if you would be a life-long soldier for Jesus Christ you will meet with varied experiences. You may be basking in sunshine to-day, and to-morrow have the fierce gales of reproach and persecution blowing against you threatening to turn you from your course.

But here one's purpose of heart is tried; here endurance is essential. Those who give up the struggle before they reach the top of the Great Divide, will find themselves drifting with the wind (world), and their end is destruction if they are not checked in some way. But he who goes steadily on and faces every difficulty with a brave heart will finally reach the top, having finished his course and conquered every foe, even death. He may look back down the mountain side and think of the trials and the conflicts he had with self, sin and the devil along the way, but they will seem as nothing, when viewing his eternal possessions and contemplating the rest and blessedness that are his forever. Reader, do you not think it will pay you to make the fight against worldliness and sin and live a pure and holy life?

# THE HARVEST IS PAST

SINCE there are so many cattle, horses and sheep in the West, it is very necessary that there be much hay on which to feed them during the long and severe winter months. On the average farm in the eastern states where all the stock that is kept is a few work horses and a few milk cows, all the hay that is raised could easily be put away in a large hay mow or stacked in a small stack consisting of a few tons.

But not so on the large stock ranches of the West, where hay is the principal and perhaps the only crop the rancher has to depend upon. Here, especially in the upper or elevated valleys, where the hay is principally wild grasses, the industry is carried on on a very extensive scale. Much machinery, many wagons, horses and men are required to harvest the vast crop on some of the larger ranches. It sometimes takes six weeks or longer to accomplish the task, hundreds and even thousands of tons being harvested on one ranch. The hay is put in large stacks, some of them consisting of a hundred tons or more,

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HARVESTING HAY ON THE C L RANCH—MONTANA

but usually from forty to seventy-five tons is the amount put in a stack.

You might ask where so many men are secured to harvest so much hay. Indeed it is sometimes difficult to obtain the necessary help, but as good wages are offered for this kind of work, men come from the cities and towns by the dozens to hire out to the ranchers for the haying season. Often men of little principle are hired, who only want to work long enough to obtain a few dollars, and then they are off to the nearest town to spend it for drink or something else that is unprofitable to them. This of course causes the rancher no little bother, for he often is left without men and has to drive thirty or forty miles after another crew, if it so happens that he lives so far from town.

Then again harvesting the hay crop is sometimes retarded by rain, though it rains much less in Montana, Wyoming and other western states than in the East. Happy indeed is the rancher when the last load is hauled from the field and the last stack "topped out," or finished. He breathes a sigh of relief and says, "Well, we are done for this year." The long stacker poles are taken down, and the ropes, nets, pulleys, machines, pitch-

forks, etc., are put away, not to be used again till the next haying season rolls around.

The horses are turned out in the large fields and some of them may not be used until harvest comes again. The men are paid off, who scatter out and find their way in companies of four or five, singly or in pairs, to the different towns along the railroad. Here many of them "eat, drink, and be merry" so long as their money lasts, which is usually not very long, then they are looking for another job.

But before leaving for the city let us ascend to some elevated position (or perhaps our road leads over the high divide which separates one valley from another), and take a view of the extensive hay-fields below. When we first viewed the fields, vast stretches of tall, green grass, waving to and fro in the breezes, met our eyes on every side. Then the click of the mower is heard, and the grass is laid flat upon the ground. In due time the rake comes along, and the next we see the whole field is thickly dotted with little mounds or cocks of hay. Now that the harvest is ended large stacks are in evidence everywhere. Here stands two, a little distance away three, over in another field is four or five, and so on till the once

conspicuous ranch-houses have faded into insignificance in camparison to the stacks of hay. Several days or perhaps a few weeks of hot sun, together with the showers of rain or dew, have bleached their tops and sides until they have become a rich yellow and glisten like gold in the bright sunlight. And indeed they are as gold to the rancher, for without them his stock would perish for want of the nourishment which the hay alone contains.

It is but three or four months, however, after the hay is stacked, till the cold winds are blowing and the snow flying, and covering up the short grass in the meadows, which necessitates the stock's being fed. The hay is loaded onto wagons and hauled to the field where the hungry cattle or sheep stand waiting for it. It is thrown out on the snow or frozen ground in forkfuls as the team moves along, and if the cattle are exceedingly hungry some of the hay seems never to touch the ground so eagerly do they gather it up. Thus by this process the once numerous stacks are reduced to a minimum until by spring scarcely one can be seen. But our heavenly Father, who is the giver of every good and gracious gift, sends the springtime, with its bright sunshine, and immediately another crop is under way of growth.

We wonder if many of our readers appreciate God's goodness in supplying them so bountifully with these things. We dare say many of you never give the question a passing thought. A thing more wonderful and more greatly to be prized than hay, corn, wheat and oat crops, is the provision God has made for the soul of man. Those who come unto Him seeking rest and deliverance from sin will have heavenly blessings bestowed upon them that will last throughout the endless ages of eternity. In this life they will be led beside still waters and green pastures. They may partake of the waters of salvation and never thirst again, they may eat of the heavenly manna and never hunger again. The wealth of this world will fade and fail, but he who lays up treasures above shall never come to want.

Happy indeed is the person who starts out in life to seek heavenly treasures. Those who seek, find. To those who knock, the door shall be opened. He that asketh receiveth. Soon the harvest of life will be over and every opportunity gone. May it not be said of any of our readers, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

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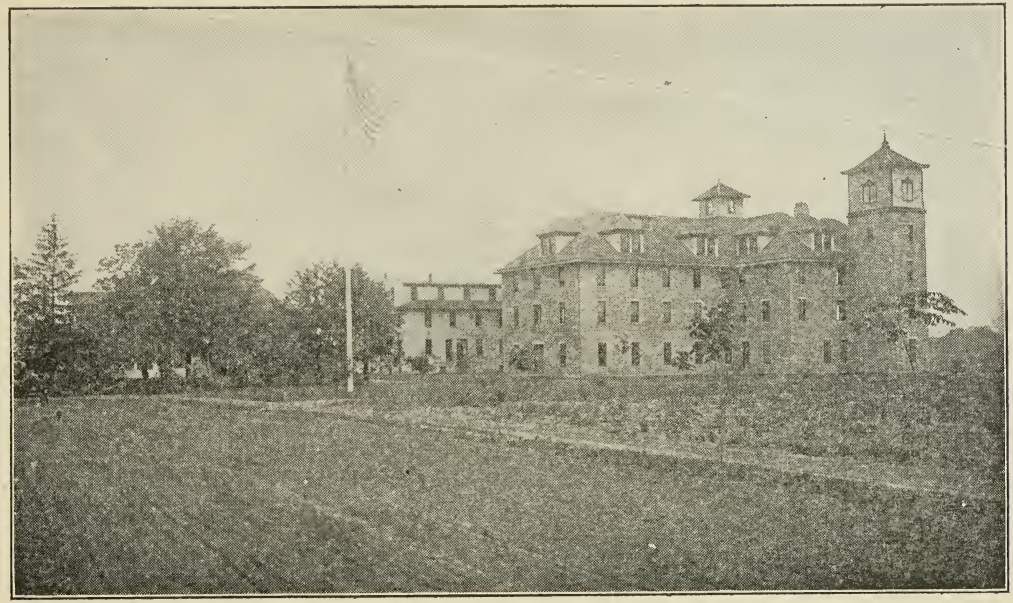

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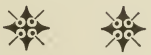

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